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FOR PASTIME.

BY T. FERGUSON.

I.

The roses and the lilies bloomed,
Beneath the apple-trees.
The scents of many flow'rs perfumed
The breeze.

The slanting sunlight filled the air
With noon's delicious spell,
And made the mosses golden where
It fell.

The orchard close was cool that day
With green beneath, above,
And just the place for hearts to play
At love.

Ah, sweet, with nothing else to do,
And not an eye to see,
How well the pastime served for you
And me!

II.

But games begun in jest, 'tis said
In words and sung in rhymes,
Have unto sterner issues led
Sometimes.

And now, though oft the land has bloomed
With birth of Summer hours,
And many a Winter has entombed
Its flow'rs.

Apart through all the lonely years
My soul remembers yet,
Though you that day, as it appears,
Forget.

But this—however that may be—
I know at least is true—
No sweeter time can come for me
Or you!

THE NEMESIS OF LOVE.

By Clementine Montagu.

AUTHOR OF "THE COST OF CONQUEST," "JASPER ONSLOW'S WIFE," ETC.

CHAPTER X.

COMING BACK TO LIFE.

Mrs. Hepburn looked at her little servant curiously. She was generally particularly bungling in her answers to questions, and interlarded her speech with "Yes, mums," and "if you please, mums," innumerable; but there was a self-possession about her that was puzzling. She went into the room with the doctor, but she failed to see the ring the duke had put upon Hilda's hand. It was gone—had slipped off, maybe, and rolled away.

The Duke of Castletowers drove to the nearest station, feeling very much like a man in a dream, and stared vacantly at his servant, who hinted respectfully that they should only just catch the train they wanted. What did it matter? What did anything matter, if what he had seen was true?

At the station he returned the greetings of the people at him mechanically, and spoke to the station-master in such a strange, dreamy way that that gentleman wondered whether his grace could possibly have been drinking at that early hour.

"That's a sad affair, my lord, at Ferndale," he said.

"What affair?"

"That poor young lady that lives there is dead—poisoned herself in mistake, I hear."

"Is it true, then?"

"Quite true, your grace."

"Ah, poor young lady—it is a very sad thing."

He got into the carriage and sat down, his brain clearing now. It was true, and no dream. He would never see Hilda Sforza in this life again, and he was going to begin a new existence five thousand miles away.

"It's a very strange affair, and it frightens me, that it does," Mrs. Caterham said to her son the day after the duke's sudden visit to Castletowers.

She was really frightened and put about. The shock of seeing her master, whom she believed to be far away on his journey, had completely upset her; and now the tidings of Hilda's death, and some subsequent proceedings at Ferndale Hollow—which were, to say the least of it, strange—had completed her bewilderment."

"It is queer, mother; but I suppose it is no business of ours," George Caterham said. "For my part, I don't know but that it's best as it is."

"How best?"

"Why, that poor girl that is gone would have worked mischief is she lived, as sure as I'm standing here. She was in love with the duke."

"Nonsense, she only saw him once!"

"It was a case, mother, for all that. Grizzy saw it, and said there would be a bad time for Mrs. Longmore's husband if ever the duke met his wife. It's as well she's dead."

"Poor young thing, it's awful to think of. I'll never forgive that Mrs. Hepburn—never; she knew how fond I was of the poor child, and she wouldn't let me see her."

"You'll never see her now, mother."

"Yes, I will."

"No you won't; she's gone."

"Gone!"

"Yes."

"How? Where?"

"I can't tell you, either. I believe the husband of the lady has taken her away."

Mrs. Caterham stared at her son as though she thought he was going mad.

"Taken her away!" she exclaimed. "Taken away a corpse!"

"So the story goes at the public-house. I heard it from a young gentleman in a smock frock, who says that his sister was in service at the Hollow, and that Mrs. Hepburn gave her a quarter's wages, and turned her out of the house."

"Ah, that'll be Lizzie Pierce, the blacksmith's girl! I'll have her up here, George, and see what she knows. I feel somehow as if all was not right. I should like to know the truth."

George Caterham was to the full as anxious as his mother, and he sallied forth to find Lizzie Pierce, without any demur. All the little village outside the park gates was in a whirl of excitement about the strange events at the Hollow. That the pretty lady who had come to live there should be dead, was bad enough, but that she should have been spirited off to be buried elsewhere without any one's knowledge, was very dreadful.

Vague reports of her body having been sold to the doctors, her teeth to the dentists, and her hair to dealers in that article, were already rife, and the price paid, was darkly hinted at by more than one village gossip. Lizzie Pierce seemed disinclined to talk of the affair at all.

"It's no business of mine," she declared. "I wasn't used badly. I engaged for a month's wages and a month's warning, and Mrs. Hepburn gave me three months and a written character, and told me to refer to Mrs. Caterham at the castle, besides. I shan't do bad, and I shall be no burden at home for a bit."

She could tell nothing, she said. She wasn't in the room when the poor lady died, nor when the doctor looked at her. She thought she was packed off in such a hurry because Mrs. Hepburn didn't want her to see Mrs. Longmore's husband, who was sent for. This was all that she said to the village gossips, but she was not so reticent to Mrs. Caterham. She was very sensible of the honor done her by being permitted to take tea with that lady, and she answered all her questions with tolerable promptness. She had not been allowed to go into her mistress' room after the doctor's visit, but had seen her before. She was quite dead.

It was George Caterham who put the question, prompted by a queer doubt he could not define. Lizzie Pearce looked at him with very wide open eyes, as if astonished at the question.

"Oh, yes, sir; she was dead. The doctor said so; but he said I wasn't to go near her; she wasn't to be touched till the inquest."

"But how can there be an inquest when they have taken her away?"

"I don't know, sir, that was what they said."

"But who took her away?"

"The lady's husband, sir. I never saw him before."

"What was he like?" asked Mrs. Caterham, eagerly, hoping to get a clue to the identity of the mysterious husband of Mrs. Longmore.

"Well, ma'am, I was only watching on the sly like," continued Miss Pearce. "I'd been sent away in the afternoon, but I couldn't help wanting to know what was going on."

"Why?" asked Mrs. Caterham, sharply, "did you suspect anything?"

"Lord, no, ma'am," said the girl, simply, with the same round-eyed stare. "I didn't know what an inquest was, nor how it would come, but I wanted to see that, and the lady's husband, too."

"That girl's a fool," said George Caterham to himself, "a perfect idiot."

But he was never more mistaken in his life. Lizzie Pearce was very wide awake, indeed.

"Then you saw her husband?" Mrs. Caterham asked again. "Tell me what he was like. Had you ever seen him before?"

"I never saw any man about the house but Mr. Burgoyne," replied Lizzie, "and he was the landlord, Mrs. Hepburn said."

"Yes, of course. It was not Mr. Burgoyne, then?"

"Not a bit like him, ma'am. It was getting too dark to see anything very well, but he had very fair hair, and a beard that covered his face up pretty nearly. He wore a white hat, and a loose coat and spectacles."

"Who in the world can it be?" Mrs. Caterham said. "And you really saw them take her away, Lizzie?"

"Yes, ma'am; they carried her out between them, and laid her in a carriage; and then Mrs. Hepburn locked the door, and they went off along the Stafford road."

"It is a melancholy affair," the housekeeper said, "and a strange one. What are you going to do now, Lizzie?"

Lizzie replied demurely that she was going to stay at home for a while, and then she should take a fresh service.

"Would you like to come to me?" the old lady asked. "A good many of the servants are leaving, the family not being likely to come back at present; but I shall want a steady girl for my own maid, and I know you did very well at the Hollow."

Lizzie courtesied, and replied that she was very much obliged to Mrs. Caterham, but she knew of a place that would suit her, and would start for it when she had stayed at home for a little.

Asked where the situation was, she replied in the north, more than a hundred miles away—she had been recommended to it, and thought she should like the change.

"And I wasn't going to tell them anything," said Miss Pearce, as she walked down the avenue. "My fortune's made if I'm sharp, and keep my eyes open."

She did apparently, and in a very few weeks the village knew her no more. She went to Stafford, and disappeared from thence on her way to her new situation, wherever it might me.

The doctor had nothing more to tell than the servant-girl had. He admitted that it was strange but shrugged his shoulders, and opined that a man had a right to take away his wife, even if she were dead, if he chose.

"Of course, I should have strongly disapproved if I had been appealed to," he said. "The death was accidental, and there should have been an inquest; but I was not told, and no one can say where the parties have gone to. I can certify to the cause of her death when it is necessary to do so, and they can't well bury her without it."

"Are you sure of that, doctor? Are you quite sure that there was no foul play?"

"Quite sure, my dear madam; the act was her own, poor girl. I have cautioned her repeatedly against opiates in any form, and she persisted, like a great many people, in taking them to excess, till she has taken one too many."

The telegram that Mrs. Hepburn had sent to Hilda's husband told nothing, and George Caterham took the trouble to find out for his mother what the message had been.

It was addressed to Harry Longmore, Esq., Albany Chambers, Piccadilly, London, and only contained a simple request to that gentleman to come at once, without losing a moment.

Bracy Burgoyne paid the Hollow a visit a few days after his tenants had left, and George Caterham and his wife had gone home; but it never entered into the housekeeper's head to connect him with the removal of Hilda. He called upon her, and heard all she had to say about the matter, and expressed himself very sorry for the fate of his pretty tenant. Her husband was an eccentric man, he said, and had doubtless taken her away to bury her among his own friends. It was a curious proceeding, and ought to be inquired into.

But it was nobody's business, particularly to inquire into it, and Bracy Burgoyne went away again, and the Hollow was shut up, and folks began to forget Hilda Sforza, and to amuse themselves with some new theme of gossip.

Mrs. Caterham never forgot her, and now and then would weep for the yellow-haired enchantress, whose face shown down from the walls of the west gallery, and bewail her early death; though, had she known it, Hilda Burgoyne was not dead. She was far away from Castletowers, very weak and feeble, recovering from an illness which had left her but the shadow of her former self, but alive still.

The draught had been very nearly fatal, and when Barbara Hepburn returned with the doctor she as firmly believed her *protege* to be dead as that she herself was alive.

With the first sign of returning life in Hilda there had flashed into her busy brain a scheme for getting her away, and out of the ken of the Duke of Castletowers, of whose going to India she knew nothing, and her first proceeding had been to dismiss Lizzie Pearce.

The girl took her *conge* without a word of objection, but with a queer look in her eyes that puzzled Barbara, and departed, only to return afterwards, as she had told Mrs. Caterham, and prowl about the Hollow to find out all she could.

Mrs. Hepburn's next proceeding was to suborn the doctor, as his wife's new bonnet and his reprieve from certain carking cares of debt might have proved to any one who was curious in the matter. A little disguise on Bracy Burgoyne's part, and a vehicle hired from a distance did the rest, and before there was time for any gossip the party were far away out of the reach of question or remark.

Bracy Burgoyne got his wife away, and took her to a neighborhood where neither of them were known, and when Hilda awoke from her trance of stupor she found herself in a strange place, and called by a name she had never heard before.

Mrs. "Trentham" she was called by those about her, and but for the familiar presence of her grim duenna of the Hollow she would have fancied the change some strange dream. Her trance had been a long one, and curious things had happened to her while she lay insensible; her hair was all gone, and her hands were almost transparent, and when she tried to lift her head it fell back upon the pillow inertly, as though it were too heavy to be raised.

Barbara told her curtly that she had been very ill, and bade her lie still; but her husband came to her and clasped her in his arms with loving words of thankfulness for her restoration, and from him she learned all that had happened. She had never rallied from the effects of the opiate, which she remembered taking perfectly well, and also the sharp pain and weary restlessness and hopelessness which had made her swallow such a dose.

Her first words had been an incoherent babble, and the doctor had given it as his opinion that fever would ensue. He was right. Wild delirium had set in after a period of heavy stupor, and for more than three weeks she had been quite insensible to what was passing around her. She did not much care to live now, she thought, when for the first time she surveyed the wreck of her beauty in the glass.

"I hope there'll soon be an end of it!" she muttered, sullenly, at the sight of her haggard face. "There's nothing left to live for now. Oh, if I had only known—if any one had only lifted a finger to stop me, when I walked out of that hotel in Rome, how different a fate mine would have been!"

CHAPTER XI.

A NEW LIFE.

And often I have heard defended,
Little said is soonest mended.
—*George Wither.*

Life was far wearier for Mrs. Trentham at Morpeth than ever it had been for Hilda Burgoyne at Ferndale Hollow. She was too weak to feel much interest in anything, and she would sit for hours listlessly at the window, gazing out into the quiet little street in a way that made Barbara Hepburn fear that the illness had affected her mind. The local doctor, who had been called in, gave it as his opinion that his patient was in a very critical state, and that unless she could be roused in some way she would gradually sink into a decline.

He recommended change, travel, all sorts of thing which just at that moment Bracy Burgoyne could not give his wife. He had straitened himself very seriously in his outlay for her already, and just now his aunt was more than usually exacting and arbitrary. She kept him with her in a fretful, harassing sort of fashion, which nearly drove him mad when he thought of Hilda fretting and pining at home. She was literally wearing herself into her grave, and looked like a person in the last stage of consumption. Her cheeks were hollow and wan, and her eyes blazed with unnatural fire, and she had a cough, which Mrs. Hepburn had caught on purpose through having the window of her sitting-room open in cold weather.

"I'm stifled in these stuffy little rooms," she declared; and, indeed, they were not like the pretty, airy, chambers, redolent of the breath of flowers, at the Hollow.

And every fine day Mrs. Trentham would have the sash raised, though it was only very early spring as yet, and sit gazing out, defiant of cold air and probable danger.

"Well, it can't last long like this," Mrs. Hepburn declared to herself. "She's going as fast as she can, and maybe it's as well. Is she a fairy changeling, I wonder, that she keeps every one in such a state of worry? There'll never be any sort of rest or quiet about her until she's in her grave."

One day, sitting alone, Hilda saw a girl with a veil over her face come straight to the window, and look unceremoniously into the room.

"What do you want?" she asked.

"You, ma'am," was the answer.

And the girl threw back her veil, and disclosed the features of Lizzie Pearce.

Glad of any change, she listlessly bade her come in, and the two were very soon in close conversation. Mrs. Hepburn, coming in from a round of marketing, found the two in close confab, and her charge looking better than she had seen her for a long time.

"How did you find us out?" she asked the girl.

"I saw Mrs. Longmore at the window."

"Mrs. Trentham here, if you please."

"Oh, it's all the same to me," Miss Pearce responded; "I won't let out anything."

"I hope you won't. What brought you to Morpeth?"

"My own business, Mrs. Hepburn. But I'm in want of a situation, and I thought, maybe, Mrs. Longmore—Trentham, I mean—might——"

"Oh, yes," responded Hilda, eagerly, with more of interest than she had seemed capable of taking in anything lately, "do have Lizzie, Barbara! You want some one I know, and she could wait upon me and help you."

"But I have spoken to a young person," replied Mrs. Hepburn. "She's coming about it this evening."

"Oh, let her go back again, and keep Lizzie. I should like Lizzie better than any one."

Barbara Hepburn looked at Hilda in surprise. At the Hollow she had always been grumbling at Lizzie Pearce, expatiating on her clumsiness, her ugliness, and her inability to do anything right, till that young person was wont to declare her life was a burden, and weep dismally among her pots and pans at her young mistress' harshness, and now Hilda seemed ready to embrace her as a sister, and to take her, with all her shortcomings, for her own maid. Barbara could not make it out; but she set it down to the whimsicality and restlessness of illness.

"If Lizzie really wants a place," she said.

And Lizzie assured her that she did.

She gave the most circumstantial account of how she came to be so far away from home.

"Which I should have gone back, ma'am," she said, "if I hadn't seen Mrs. Longmore—that is, Mrs. Trentham, I mean—at the window. You might have knocked me down with a feather, seeing as how people all thinks she's dead."

"You have stumbled upon a secret, Lizzie Pearce," said Barbara Hepburn, "and I am sorry for it."

"You've no call to be sorry, ma'am; I can keep it, too," was the quiet answer.

"Perhaps you will be less likely to leak out if you stay with us. For reasons I cannot explain, it is desirable to allow the Staffordshire people to think Mrs Trentham is dead. If you stay with us, how can I tell you will not be writing home, and telling what you should not?"

All things considered, Mrs. Hepburn determined to keep the girl, though she felt puzzled at her demeanor, and at Hilda's wonderful improvement at the sight of her.

It so happened that Barbara was taken very unwell the night of Lizzie Pearce's installation in her fresh duties, and was obliged to go to her own room, leaving her in attendance on her mistress.

The door had hardly closed behind her when Hilda began, with almost breathless eagerness, to question her new attendant.

"Tell me everything," she said; "every word! How he looked—what he said! Oh, you dear, clever creature! Who would have thought you had so much sense in that stupid looking head of yours?"

"I ain't such a fool as I look," Lizzie said, gravely. "I knew there was something up as soon as Mrs. Hepburn turned me out of the house. I knew you weren't dead before then."

"How?"

"I heard you groan and sigh when they were looking at you, but I thought I'd better bide quiet and find you afterwards. The gentleman thinks you are dead!"

"The Duke of Castletowers, Lizzie! Say his grace when you talk about him. And he really came to me and cried for me—me, Hilda Sforza, whom he loves!"

"That he does, ma'am, with all his heart, and a beautiful and noble gentleman he is too."

"And he put this ring upon my finger, and I never felt his touch. I wonder it did not call me back to life!"

"He did, ma'am. He said it would ease his heart to know that something he had worn was lying in your coffin with you. Poor gentleman! he was in a way about you. He said he had never loved any woman before, and never should again—that his heart would never hold any image but yours, and that he should be the last of his race; and—and all that," suddenly concluded Lizzie, losing herself in the effort to remember any more of the duke's rhapsodies, which she had reproduced with considerable fidelity for Hilda's benefit.

But once was not enough for the vain, ambitious woman to listen to such words. Over and over again she made the girl tell the story of all that the Duke had said and done, and she touched and caressed the ring with as much tenderness as though it had been a living thing, and could convey her thoughts and feelings to the man who had pressed it on her finger.

"His gift!" she murmured. "A right royal token—a gem such as a king might leave on the hand of the woman he honored with his love! And it shines on my hand, and he who gave it to me can never be aught more to me than the stars which look down upon us from above, and go their way undisturbed by anything which passes in this mortal sphere."

It was a singular jewel—an emerald of great size and purity, encircled with diamonds that were like points of flame in their brilliance, an heirloom of the Breakspeares, which had never been parted with for many generations. But Lionel Breakspeare would have given his life, any thing, to Hilda Sforza in his blind infatuation, and precious stones, heirlooms though they might be, were nothing in comparison with the love that was wrecking his life.

Lizzie Pearce was not a particularly intellectual or moral girl, or she might have wondered at the rhapsodies of a married woman over the gift of a man not her husband; but she was not troubled with any scruples of conscience that money or new dresses would not allay, and she found that she had not miscalculated in fancying that it would be to her interest to seek out her old mistress and re-enter her service.

Whatever the charm of her presence might be, its effect on Hilda was wonderful. From the very day of her arrival she seemed to grow better, and Mrs. Hepburn, though puzzled at the alteration, was much less uneasy about her charge. The fear of Hilda's dying while her husband was away grew less as the days went by. She began to gain flesh and strength, and to go out, always with her servant in attendance.

Over and over again, when the two were together alone, she would have the whole story of her supposed death told her, and how Lizzie had schemed and watched, and found out where she was gone, in order that she might follow and tell her.

The ring had not fallen off. The girl had taken it with a cunning presentiment that there would be, as she expressed it, "a row" about it.

"And every one thinks I am dead, do they, Lizzie?"

"Every one, ma'am; leastways, there was a gentleman up at the castle that didn't seem to think so, I fancied. He asked me a lot of questions."

"Who was he?"

"Mrs. Caterham's son."

"Oh, he's nobody. He lives ever so far away in Devonshire. I'm not dead, Lizzie, though they think so; and I mean to let them. I'm full of life now. There's something to live for now—something."

If Lizzie Pearce understood these rhapsodies she never let it appear that she did. She listened to them with a stolid "Yes, ma'am," or "No, ma'am," as the case might be, and made no sign. Nor did she betray any surprise at the advent of Bracy Burgoyne, and the revelation that he and none other was the husband of her mistress. She merely said, quietly, "I knew it was you, sir, at the time," when he spoke to her about it, and bade her keep the secret till he should give her leave to speak.

"Thank you kindly, sir; and I am always ready to keep a still tongue, and do as I'm bid, when I'm well treated."

And she put away another sovereign to her little hoard, and congratulated herself upon having stumbled upon a good thing in coming to Morpeth. All the news that she sent home was that she had taken a place with a lady and gentleman of the name of Trentham, in Morpeth; that the house was small, as they were not rich, but that her wages were paid punctually, and was very comfortable.

It seemed to Bracy Burgoyne as if the advent of this old servant from the Hollow had been a special interposition of Providence; Hilda was so much changed for the better as far as her health was concerned. In looks she was growing once more like the Hilda Sforza he had known and loved in Rome. Her beauty was coming back, and her hair growing more feathery and golden than ever. In manner she was changed, but he told himself that people do change sometimes in illness. She was graver, cooler, less effusive than she had been at the Hollow. She permitted his caresses, allowed him to sit with her hand in his, and talk sweet, endearing nothings to her as of yore; but she listened to them with dreamy abstraction, as though her heart were otherwhere. She did not worry her husband with extravagance now. She seemed to care nothing for dress, but went about clad in an inexpensive style, that, had she but known it, enhanced her beauty far more than the most gorgeous array.

Bracy Burgoyne liked her [illegible] better so. He had found out since that his marriage was a mistake, that he and the wilful, ambitious Hilda Sforza had very little in common; and this new phase of her character suited his quiet nature better than the former one. He was just beginning to think that there might be a peaceable home life before him after all when his aunt should die, when an event occurred, disastrous enough in itself, but doubly calamitous, since it left Hilda without a duenna, and very much [illegible] to the companionship of Lizzie Pearce.

Mrs. Hepburn died suddenly after only a few hours of illness, and almost her last words were a half-delirious warning to her master and [illegible] at the fate of Eustace Fernleigh, and the evil deeds of Christabel, Duchess of Castletowers.

CHAPTER XII.

KISMET.

There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.
—*Shakspeare.*

"A waste," as Mrs. Caterham had called it, was the most expressive way of describing the ailment which had come upon Lady Euphemia Breakspeare after the events which had so rudely dashed to pieces her hopes and aspirations regarding Bracy Burgoyne. She puzzled the doctors. She had no organic disease, but she wasted and fell away till she seemed on the very verge of the grave.

She rallied a little in Italy, and her brother out in India got better reports of her than he had hoped for, and was more at ease regarding her. But toward Christmas, at about the same time of year that she had left England, or a little later, she grew terribly restless and besought Lady Royston to take her back to England.

"I must see Castletowers," she said. "I shall die of the craving, auntie, if you do not take me there."

Lady Royston was always "auntie" with her *protege*, though there was no real relationship between them. She tried to get at the reason of Lady Euphemia's whim; but the girl could give none, save that the feeling was strong upon her that she was wanted there—as if there were some evil hanging over her brother's house that she could in some way avert.

Her ladyship was the least bit superstitious, and the eagerness and pertinacity of the request frightened her. In her alarm she consulted the doctors, who laughed at her idea, as she expressed it, of there being "anything in it" beyond an invalid's restlessness and wish for change, and counselled her to give way to it and go.

"But the journey," she said, "in her delicate state?"

"Will do her no harm if she is careful. There is nothing the matter with her but unaccountable debility; give way to her whim if you can."

So Mrs. Caterham was apprised that Lady Royston and Lady Euphemia were coming to Castletowers for a little while. There was to be no fuss made any more than was absolutely necessary, as they wished to be perfectly private.

Mrs. Caterham wondered, but was very downcast about it. She took it into her head that her young mistress had a foreshadowing of death upon her, and was coming home to die. Her son and his wife were spending their Christmas holiday with her, as usual, and the ladies would arrive two days before they left.

Lady Euphemia told the housekeeper what she had not confided to Lady Royston, that it was a constantly recurring dream which had made her so anxious to come home—a dream of horror and darkness, and horrible wrong, which somehow she could help to prevent.

"I'm not getting superstitious," she said; "but I can't shake it off. Night after night it has come, and I have waked up, knowing that I was a thousand miles away, and powerless for good or evil."

"You are here now, my lamb," said the old woman, caressing her; "and you won't dream it again, maybe. I don't think much of such things myself, though the bible tells of people being warned in a dream. You're ill and weak, my dear, or such things wouldn't enter your head."

The afternoon after her arrival at Castletowers, Lady Euphemia was sitting in the housekeeper's little parlor—a favorite resort of hers. Lady Royston had gone to

NORA;

NEWS OF INTEREST

"THEY SAY."

"They say!" Ah! well; suppose they do,
But can they prove their story true?
Suspicions may arise from naught
But malice, envy, wanted thought;
Why count yourself among the "they,"
"Who whisper what they dare not say?"

"They say!" but why the tale rehearse,
And help to make the matter worse?
No good can possibly accrue
From telling what may prove untrue;
And is it not a nobler plan
To speak of all the best you can?

"They say!" well, if it should be so,
Why should you tell the tale of woe?
Will it the bitter wrong redress,
Or make the pang of sorrow less?
Will it the erring one restore
Henceforth to "go and sin no more?"

"They say!" still pause and look within;
See how thy heart inclines to sin;
Watch, lest in dark temptation's hour
Thou, too, should sink beneath its power;
Pity the frail; weep o'er their fall,
But speak of good or not at all.

The Miser's Children.

Old Jasper Flint had been stricken with paralysis, and was now lying at the point of death.

So severe had been the shock that he could not lift a finger or articulate a word; though, from his troubled expression, it was very evident that he most earnestly desired to communicate something to his children before he died.

Laura, the eldest, was seventeen, while the other two, Maggie and Thomas, were of the respective ages of thirteen and nine.

For thirty years Jasper Flint had been a dealer in second hand clothing, and although very penurious and tricky, and driving an extensive trade in cast-off garments, he professed to be very poor, always crying up poverty to the last.

He had never employed a servant or housekeeper, for the ostensible reason that he was too poor, so that Laura, from the age of twelve, had been a perfect little family drudge.

Everybody said that old Jasper was a miser, and had stores of money hoarded away; but the old man resolutely denied the soft impeachment, declaring that he had not a penny outside of his stock in trade, that his family expenses had always consumed every penny of his profits, though many understood very well how niggardly parsimonious he had ever been in his homely style of living, oftentimes obliging his family to subsist upon a single meal a day.

However, whatever the old clothier desired to say, he never said it, though he struggled hard, in his helpless way, to make some intelligible sign by which his meaning might be understood.

He died, however, without revealing anything, either by word or sign, and his children followed him with tearless eyes to his last resting place, for they could remember him, young as they were, only as one who had often denied them food when they were hungry, and they knew it was in the house. He was near fifty years of age before he ever thought of marrying, and with his disposition and habits it was wonderful that he ever thought of it at all.

The wife he married was twenty years younger than himself; but he broke her heart by his meanness in ten years' time.

She was a delicate, sensitive and refined woman, and could not adapt herself to his miserly manner of thinking and acting.

She died, as we have said, in ten years after this ill-assorted marriage, leaving three pretty children with a fair prospect of starving after her.

A careful investigation into the old clothier's affairs showed but a few pounds in ready money—scarcely more than enough to defray the funeral expenses; and what rendered matters still worse was, his stock in trade was destroyed by fire three days after, and having been too stingy in his lifetime to pay for an insurance policy, the poor children lost everything, excepting the roof that sheltered them.

But Laura was a resolute, self-reliant young girl, and proved herself, in every respect, equal to the equivocal situation.

They took in washing and ironing.

Maggie, who was stout and healthy, assisted her in her labors, and Thomas, at her suggestion, though he was but nine years old, launched out manfully as a newsboy.

With all hands thus occupied, the miser's children were soon living far more comfortably than they had ever done while their father was alive.

They were enabled to supply themselves with more wholesome food, and in sufficient quantity to appease their hunger, to clothe themselves better, and to appear better and more well-to-do generally.

Laura was very pretty, neat and affable, and this secured her plenty of work of the lightest and most desirable description, and the young clerks and gentlemen of leisure who chiefly employed her, declared that they could see their faces in their shirt-bosoms after they had passed the artistic ordeal of her polishing irons.

She was subject, of course, to a good deal of annoyance from her genteel patrons, in the way of flattery and compliments, but she conducted herself always with the strictest propriety whenever they were present, which soon won from them general respect and friendship.

Her practical little head was too strong to be turned from the praiseworthy current of her purposes by any man's flattery.

But there was one young man who had insensibly won his way into her good graces—a clerk of twenty, on a salary of a hundred a year—a handsome, beardless boy, high-toned and sensitive, with not the slightest taint of sensualism in his nature. Although a boy, his love for Laura was no idle passion.

It was deep, strong and abiding, based on a profound respect for her goodness and capability, as well as an exalted admiration of her beautiful face and figure, for Laura, without the aid of paint or adornment, was really, to his enraptured eyes, the most beautiful girl he had ever seen.

Laura, with her practical eye, could read his pure and unselfish nature at a glance, and she liked him in the beginning and that liking gradually developed into a love as strong and enduring as his own.

But they were both poor and struggling so that marriage for the present was out of the question.

Laura was too wise, and had too much regard for her lover's success in life, to wish to over-burden him with her own individual responsibilities, which she felt to be heavy enough.

With the characteristic self-reliance of youth, he was willing to undertake to bear up under anything for her sake.

But she understood better than he, and when he urged she reasoned.

"You are just in the beginning of the struggle," she would say, "and with talent and the good principles you possess, to recommend you, you are sure to rise, if you do not rush blindly into responsibilities that are sure to cramp you in the future."

To these arguments Frederick Allston would always reply—

"Now, Laura darling, this may all appear very rational to you, and might to me, if I did not feel that in your great anxiety for my future success you are apt to underrate my capability of coping with the world. Now, if we were married, I should feel content, and could struggle like a lion to place you in that more exalted position for which you are so well fitted. Certainly I cannot see, taking the most unfavorable view of the case, that our marriage could make either of us a wit worse off than we are at present. It would only be the addition of one more, and surely my income"—and he would lay considerable stress upon that important word—"under your skillful supervision, would add very much to the general comfort of us all. It need not make any difference in your way of living or business. You can go on with your washing and ironing just the same, if you choose to, till my salary is increased, or I get into a business on my own account. You see, my darling, I can calculate in my own fashion, if I am not quite as wise and practical as yourself."

To all this Laura would shake her young head gravely, and maintain her right to differ.

"If everything were sure of being just as you paint it," she would answer, negatively, "the venture might be safe enough, perhaps, but I am endowed with a greater degree of caution than you, and can form a cooler estimate of the after probabilities, in the event of my permitting you to take this uncertain step. Look at Nancy Fulsome. She is only a year older than I, been married a trifle over two years, and has three babies—the first two being twins, and hardly able to toddle alone. Instead of being able to assist Charley, as she did for the first few months after their marriage, she has to have a girl, and is slatternly at that, although she was as trim and neat a girl as you could see before she was married.

"The first year of their marriage they lived in a neat, well-furnished cottage, and they held their heads as high as anybody, and well they might, for Charley's salary was two hundred a year, and is no more now. What has been the result?

"Why they were obliged to give up their neat cottage a year ago, and sell off their best furniture at half the original cost to pay off the heavy expenses attending sickness, and now they occupy three rooms; and what makes matters still worse, Charley has become discouraged at his lot, and has lately taken to drink.

"This Mrs. Fulsome told me in confidence, with the tears standing in her eyes; and she furthermore assured me that she very much feared he would lose his situation in consequence of it."

"Charley Fulsome, when he was married, was strictly temperate, and looking forward to the future with as much hope and confidence as you are, and yet in little more than a year all his prospects in life have been blighted through the united and ill-advised judgment of the thoughtless couple."

And with these clever arguments Laura would effectually silence her importunate lover for the time being, and send him off subdued, and seemingly resigned.

But for all that, the subject was just as sure to be revived again on each succeeding visit, till the poor fellow at length began to despair of ever gaining her consent.

But that consent was to come sooner than either of them anticipated.

It was a great puzzle to everybody how old Jasper Flint, with his penurious habits, could have died and left his family so destitute.

Some suggested that he must have hidden or buried his money, and every part of the house, cellar and back yard were carefully examined, but without its resulting in any such discovery.

One day Allston was surprised by the appearance of Thomas, bearing a brief and startling message from his darling Laura.

It contained just these words, and they were very suggestive, for they were the first she had ever written him:

"Dear Fred,—Come to me quick.
Laura."

Just one brief line, and no more.

Trembling with apprehension, lest something should have happened to the dear girl whom he had loved better than his own life he seized his hat and ran out without asking leave of absence from his employer, and rushed off wildly in the direction of the street where Laura lived.

When he arrived she met him at the door, and he noticed that her manner was very strange and excited.

"What is the matter, my poor Laura? What has happened?" he exclaimed panting.

"Something very odd has happened!" was her hurried and fluttering answer. "I have just made a strange discovery, and have sent for you to enlighten me!"

She led the way into the house, and went directly to an old bureau and drew out a carefully prepared package of papers, and placed them in her lover's hands.

Fred gazed at them for a moment in bewildered astonishment, and then exclaimed excitedly:

"Good Heaven! Laura, what does this mean! They are Government bonds! Where did you get them? There are thousands of pounds, too!"

"Are you sure of that? Can there be no mistake?" demanded Laura, eagerly.

"No mistake in the world, my darling! They are genuine. But where in the name of all that is wonderful did you get them?"

"You remember the old desk with the broken leg, in the room which my father used to occupy? Well, thinking it no longer an object either of utility or ornament, I ordered Thomas to cut it up. In a few minutes he came in, bringing a handful of these bonds with him. I guessed from their appearance that they must be valuable, so I sent him directly for you, thinking you might be able, with your knowledge of business, to see into this matter more clearly than I. I was almost sure that such important-looking documents could not be worthless paper."

"No, my sweet Laura, you were right there," cried Fred, gleefully, for he saw that with this unexpected mine of wealth in her possession, she could not reasonably withhold her consent longer to become his bride—not if she really loved him, as she had so often assured him in their tenderer moments. "There is no better paper in the country to-day, or in the world than these same bonds. But have you examined the old desk thoroughly to see if you have secured them all?"

"No. I have not. I was waiting for you."

"Then let us search."

The search resulted in nothing further than the discovery that the old desk contained a false bottom. Thomas had split it open and secured every one of the bonds before making his triumphal entry into the house to astonish his sisters.

Fred and Laura made a careful estimate of the aggregate amount of the bonds, with interest, which had been accruing for nearly two years.

They found that they now represented a figure slightly exceeding forty thousand pounds.

In a word, the miser's children, who had been struggling so hard for the last year and a half for a bare subsistence, while there was an ample provision for them hidden away in the house, now found themselves independent.

"And this was what so troubled my father after his attack of paralysis," suggested Laura. "He could neither speak nor write, or in any way make himself understood. Poor father, he must have suffered terribly, not to be able to reveal his secret for the benefit of his children. But he was very odd, and, when well admitted no one to his confidence."

"As you say, he must have suffered intense agony in the end," returned Fred, thoughtfully. "But now, dear Laura, you have grown so rich, you will hardly be willing to remember your promises to a poor fellow like me."

"Can you think so meanly of me, dear Fred, after all the proofs of affection I have given you?" she said.

"Oh, forgive me! forgive me, Laura! But now there is no longer the old obstacle in the way, will you not be merciful enough to end this long suspense, and name the happy day?"

"It is now the middle of November," said Laura, archly. "Let us say at Christmas."

"You are a darling angel!" cried Fred, rapturously, and they were married at the appointed time.

Maiden Aunts.

I have been the genuine admirer and the unhappy victim of my maiden aunts. Of those for whom I retain a lasting affection Aunt Bessie and Aunt Mary stand first on my list.

I am sure neither my school nor college career would have been so smooth without their helpful counsels, and their still more helpful pecuniary assistance.

Many a boyish scrape have they pulled me through when appeals for parental aid would have been worse than useless, and many's the thrashing and exposure I have escaped through the beneficent intervention of these admirable women.

I do not think I exaggerate when I aver that both these dear aunts of mine loved me as much, if not more, than my father and mother, for these latter had to divide their affection among several of my brothers and sisters, and, as each brought more or less trouble to the paternal and maternal heart, my parents could not reasonably be expected to prove so patient and forgiving towards my boyish freaks and troubles as were kind, genial Aunt Mary, and the generous, open-handed Bessie.

What a treat it was to take tea with them! What tempting delicacies were set out on the table, and what onslaughts I made on the good things placed before me!

Then the sympathy I received from my aunts when relating my boyish worries and perplexities!

It seemed to make my difficulties vanish into mere air, and the light heart I carried away with me, to say nothing of the substantial addition to my purse, was ample evidence of how much I owed to the kindness, the tender helpfulness, and the hope-inspiring cheerfulness of my best beloved maiden aunts, Mary and Bessie.

But there is a reverse to the shield, and my Aunt Jemima was the one, *par excellence*, who made me feel what a terrible ogre an old maid can be.

In my early, youthful days, when holiday time came round, I was repeatedly cautioned by my elders to put on my very best manners when they took me to see her, and never can I cease to remember the purgatory I endured during those awful visits.

Certain pets of hers—to wit, half a dozen cats, two lap dogs, and a grey parrot were the causes of my being in continual disgrace.

It is not in the power of healthy boyish nature to remain perfectly quiet for many minutes together, and in my endeavors to get out of the way of those tiresome cats, who always seemed to be under my feet, I invariably trod on the tails and paws of some, and the squeals of the injured always brought on me a severe reprimand.

Then those spoiled lap-dogs, how they worried me!

Sometimes I was sitting on a low ottoman, as still as a ghost, quietly munching a piece of toothsome cake or biscuit, when one or both of my tormentors would make a sudden rush at my dainty and greedily devour it.

This was too much for human nature to stand, and I need not say that my handling of the little thievish brutes was not the most gentle whenever I succeeded in catching them, which was seldom so frequently as their depredations warranted.

"Oh, that boy, that boy! he will be the death of me!" shrieked Aunt Jemima, as the snappish yells of her pampered darlings reached her ears.

I know I wished a hundred times that I might be the death of her atrocious pets.

After these disturbances my arm was generally clutched by my mother or elder sister, and for a few moments I was forcibly withheld from further mishaps.

But when quiet was restored—when the "poor innocent things" had been coaxed into a better temper by the lavish caresses and the ridiculous, endearing speeches of my indignant Aunt Jemima, I contrived to wriggle away from the grasp that held me, and betook myself to the adjoining room, separated by folding-doors, where the grey parrot was kept.

Of all my enemies this bird proved the most terrible.

No prophetic voice was there to warn me of the coming danger; in this room my boyish heart, swelling with anger, and a strong sense of injustice, used to relieve itself in low-toned utterances and exclamations—certainly not of a complimentary character—against my Aunt Jemima; the parrot surveying me with its head turned knowingly on one side, listening attentively to all I said, and looking as grave as a judge.

If I had been wise—which was just what I was not—I should have suspected that bird from the first.

At that stage of my development my main object was to relieve my outraged feelings, which I did pretty freely, more freely than subsequent events justified.

Many a time have I sat in that room nursing my wrath, like Tam O'Shanter's wife, to keep it warm, the only interruptions being an occasional comment from Polly, that did not by any means increase my regard for her, as she only repeated the fault-finding remarks which her mistress so frequently directed towards my unhappy self, such as—"Oh, you bad, wicked boy!" "Be quiet, do! do-oo-oo!" "Oh, you naughty child! Ha! ha! ha!"

One day—never shall I forget it—I was taken as usual to Aunt Jemima's, my mother cautioning me as to my behavior before we started. I was just beginning to grasp the idea that all these anxious warnings were not expended on me without an object, when a hazy notion took possession of me that my interests in some inexplicable manner depended on my winning my aunt's good opinion.

I resolved, therefore, on this particular occasion to keep to the grey parrot's quarters as much as possible, and so escape from the feline and canine rocks ahead.

On entering my aunt's presence I was received in, as I thought, a cold, suspicious manner, not that her mode of greeting me at all approached the delightful friendliness of my aunts Bessie and Mary at any time, far from it; still, her salute on this day struck me as being excessively chilly.

I took my customary seat on the ottoman, and, being more quiet than usual, I could not avoid hearing my aunt say to my mother—

"I do not know what is coming to Polly."

"Is she ill?" asked my mother, feigning an interest she did not feel.

"I don't think she is; it is her language I refer to. It quite shocks me to hear her, she never said such dreadful things till lately."

"Perhaps she caught them from the servants," observed my mother, innocently.

"Servants!" flashed out Aunt Jemima. "I am quite sure my servants would never teach her to use such bad language."

"Dear me, Jemima, you surprise me; how can you account for it, then?"

I know not what answer my aunt made; I did not feel very comfortable, and, not wishing to hear more of their conversation I went into the next room, hoping, in a vague way, the bird would not notice me; but in this I was speedily deceived.

"Oh, that boy! he will be the death of me!" screamed Polly, two or three times in succession, in a voice that unmistakably resembled my aunt's thin treble.

"Be quiet, do!" I ventured in a low tone, approaching nearer the cage.

"Be quiet, do! No, I won't be quiet! I'd like to wring your scraggy old neck. Je-mi-ma!" cried Polly, mimicking my voice this time.

I trembled in my shoes.

The way that disgusting bird shrieked out my aunt's name, dividing it into three equally accented syllables, reminded me most unpleasantly that the vile creature had overheard and treasured up my solitary remarks.

I stood glaring at my enemy, and if looks could have killed her she had not breathed another minute.

"Ha, ha, ha! I'll serve you out! Aunt Je-mi-ma! Nasty old fright! I'll steal your wig! Je-mi-ma! Ha, ha, ha! Je-mi-ma!"

"There!" exclaimed my aunt; "what do you think of that, Sophy?"

My mother put up her hands in mute astonishment, not knowing what to say.

"I'll kill your cats, Je-mi-ma! Ha, ha, ha! they shall scratch your face! Je-mi-ma! Nasty, spiteful things! Je-mi-ma!"

"It is perfectly disgraceful!" cried my aunt, her yellow, wrinkled face showing an angry red spot on either of her cheeks.

"Plague upon the boy! Be quiet, do! Be quiet, do-oo-oo!" screamed Polly, becoming more excited in the exercise of her wonderful talking talents. "Ah, you greedy cuss! I'll pop you in the cistern some fine day when my aunt's asleep! Ha, ha, ha! Je-mi-ma."

My poor mother could stand it no longer.

"Come here, Robert!" she cried, sharply.

"Look at him, Sophy! look at his face! there stands the culprit; he knows he is guilty!" cried my excited aunt. "He has corrupted and ruined my precious, lovely Polly. Oh, you bad, wicked boy, what have you to say for yourself?"

"Oh, you bad, wicked boy! Je-mi-ma!" screamed Polly.

I was silent from very shame and fear; I could not possibly defend myself, and, like an arrant coward, I took to blubbering vigorously, for no other reason was left me.

"Don't make that noise," said my mother, as she rose to depart, first giving me a good shaking, which only made me blubber the more, and so tickled Polly's fancy that she must needs add to my trouble by mimicking my cries of distress.

"Oh, my head! my poor head!" exclaimed my aunt, swaying herself backwards and forwards distractedly in her chair.

"Oh, my poor head! Ha, ha, ha, ha!" laughed the diabolical Polly, as my mother hurried me away from my aunt's house.

When I reached home the lectures I received were something appalling.

I had damaged my worldly prospects for ever; the years of patient endurance of Aunt Jemima's eccentricities by my anxious parents had all gone for nothing, owing to my foolishness in expressing my sentiments aloud, instead of keeping them to myself.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

Cigarette Smoke.—Scientific analyses show that the practice of inhaling the smoke of cigarettes is extremely dangerous, frequently causing congestion of the lungs.

Thin Sheet Iron.—At the great iron-works of Pittsburg, they have succeeded in rolling iron so thin as to resemble tissue-paper, and ten thousand sheets are required to make one inch in thickness.

The Earthquake Indicator.—Count Malvaria, of Bologna, Italy, has recently devised an ingenious instrument for giving warning of earthquakes, and also for registering the direction of vibration of the same.

Phonography and Insanity.—In an article on "Modern Life and Insanity," which was recently published in *Macmillan's Magazine*, Dr. D. H. Tuke classes short-hand writing among the causes of mental alienation.

Waterproof Glue.—Boil eight parts of common glue with about thirty parts of water, until a strong solution is obtained; and four and a half parts of boiled linseed oil, and let the mixture boil two or three minutes, stirring it constantly. Parts to be taken by weight.

Form of the Diamond.—The diamond used to cut glass has curved faces, a section would be represented by the letter V with the lower end slightly rounded. A straight-faced diamond will only scratch the glass, and not cut it; writing diamonds are, therefore, chosen with straight faces.

Candy-Coloring.—The coloring matter used by confectioners is, blue: Indigo powder, soluble indigo, Prussian blue. Yellow: Saffron, Turkey and Persian yellow berries, quercitron, fustic, and aluminous lakes of these. Mixtures of blue and yellow make green. Red: Cochineal, carmine or lake, Brazil wood lake, madder lake.

THE REVIEWER — NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., of New York, have published "A History of England in the Eighteenth Century," by William Edward Hartpole Lecky. This fine work is a great desideratum. It begins where Macaulay left off, touches upon the time of Anne, and takes the reader to the epoch of the last of the Georges. It is not a dry detail of dates, it is the production of a philosopher who reviews the national life of England in all its aspects, social as well as political. Mr. Lecky is a thorough and profound disciple of the late Mr. Buckle, and he has written the political history of Great Britain from the time of Queen Anne to the beginning of the present century, not only with rare force and philosophy, knowledge of details, research, and an analytical power, which gives us the very life of the century, but with a style which is at the same time clear and fascinating. The narration of the ministry of Horace Walpole and William Pitt is well worth the attention of scholars. The whole work is most scholarly and yet most attractive, not only in style but also in matter, and the two volumes of over 650 pages each are replete with fine erudition and consummate interest.

2 vols. 8 vo., fine cloth, $4.00. Half calf, extra, $8.00.

For sale by Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co., of this city.

"Two Ways to Matrimony; or, Is This Love or False Pride," a book for ladies and gentlemen, as well as for mothers, for fathers, and for all those contemplating matrimony or in wedlock, is published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia, and makes the fourteenth volume issued of "Peterson's Dollar Series of New and Good Books."

It is bound in red vellum, black and gold. Price, $1.00.

Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co., of this city, send us their new publication, "A Law Unto Herself," a novel by Rebecca Harding Davis, the famous authoress of "Life in the Iron Mills." The book is full of incident and effect, and our readers who have perused "Dallas Galbraith" and the other works of this artistic writer, will find an intellectual treat in this fiction. Paper, 89 pages; price 50 cents.

Messrs. Scribner, Armstrong & Co., of New York, publish "Letters of John Keats to Fanny Brawne," written in the years 1819 and 1820, and now given from the original manuscripts, with introduction and notes by Henry Baxton Forman. It contains a well-written introduction and a number of interesting love letters of the sweet poet, with a *fac simile* of Keats' handwriting as shown in a complete letter of three pages. It contains also a portrait of Keats, drawn by Joseph Severn and etched by W. B. Scott, as a frontispiece, and a silhouette of Fanny Brawne, cut by Edouart and photo-lithographed. These letters are interesting if only because they were written by that prince of poets—he who founded the modern English school and captivated Tennyson.

It comprises 120 pages, bound in blue and gold cloth, and is sold at the price of $1.50 per volume. For sale by Messrs. Porter & Coates of this city.

MAGAZINES.

The *Poultry World*, for January and February, reaches us from the publisher, H. H. Stoddard, of Hartford, Conn. This is a periodical which is of the highest interest and use to poultry breeders. It is well edited, full of good matter respecting the specialty upon which it treats, and is amply and excellently illustrated. The subscription is $1.25 per year, including postage, with inducements to clubs.

The *Philadelphia Druggist and Chemist*, for February, is sent us by the editor and proprietor, C. C. Vanderbeck, M. D., Ph. D., 1011 Walnut street, of this city. It is a very good number and will be found of especial service to the profession. "A Visit to a Pharmaceutical Quiz" will interest chemists and druggists, inasmuch as a prize is offered for certain answers. There is a deal of information in the little magazine, and its price, $1.50 a year, ought to lead all interested to subscribe.

To the February number of the *Magazine of American History* (A. S. Barnes & Co., New York and Chicago), Mr. B. F. DeCosta contributes a carefully studied examination of the Letter of Verrazano—the subject of long dispute among historical scholars—and the text is illustrated by a portrait of the famous navigator from a rare print in the Astor Library. This is followed by an examination of the Dighton Rock Inscription by Mr. Chas. Rau, an authority in this class of investigation. The historical department closes with a critical review of Parkman's French colonization and Empire in North America, by Mr. Geo. E. Ellis, of Boston.

The biographical sketch of this number is of Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, the signer of the Declaration of Independence, and is illustrated by an original sketch of Doughoregan Manor, the residence of the distinguished statesman, as it now appears.

The Diary of Joshua Pell, an officer in Burgoyne's army, is continued, and concludes with the convention of Saratoga. The Reprints are a Letter from Thomas Paine to Citizen Danton, and a sketch of a Remarkable Character.

Notes and Queries and Literary Notices of Historical Publications, close this unusually interesting and valuable number.

MUSIC.

Messrs. White, Smith & Co., of Boston, send us the following new musical publications:

"I Wants to See de Dear Ole Home Once More," plantation song and chorus; words by J. T. Rutledge, music by Charles Edward Prior. A very taking melody.

"She Stood at the Gate Welcoming Him In," Gus Williams' last new song. A good dialect song and a first rate melody.

"Holy Ghost with Power Divine," sacred anthem, by Gwilm Galedffrwd, for organ and piano; soprano solo and chorus.

Mr. Frederick Blume, of New York, sends us "Are Thy Dreams of Me," song and chorus. Words by W. H. Stontenburgh; music by Chas. T. French. This is a very pretty song, and contains on the title page a good portrait of the charming young actress, Miss Helen M. Houghton, to whom the song is dedicated.

Messrs. White, Smith and Perry, of Boston, send us "The Old Family Bible," song and chorus by G. A. Veazie, Jr.

A CURIOUS CUSTOM.

Two old people were sold the other day at the church door of a parish in Quebec Can. incumbered with a farm, to the highest bidder. They handed over their property to their children, on condition that so long as the old people lived those children should lodge and board them, wash and mend their clothing, furnish them with outer garments and linen, shoes and head dresses, all suitable to their condition; take them to divine service on Sundays and feast days, and bring them home; place a horse and vehicle at their disposal on demand, fetch and fee the priest and doctor when desired; keep in good order the best bed reserved for them until the death of the survivor, allow them access to all buildings and lands they may wish to enter; satisfy all their necessary wants, spiritual or corporal and in times of sickness furnish them with due luxuries; and, finally, at their death bury them in the parish cemetery, provide an ordinary funeral service and a memorial service at the end of the year, beside having ten low masses chanted for the repose of their souls. The new possessors of the property failed, and now the property is offered for sale, subject to the charges in the deed of donation. This is a very common practice in Lower Canada, and many of the contracts made would be worth reproduction, if only to show how carefully old habitants, disposing of their property, provide for such not unconsidered trifles as clay pipes and nutmeg.

ROYAL NEEDLEWOMEN.

Anne Boleyn, Queen of Henry VIII of England devoted a large portion of her time to the needle. To the Queen of Scots needlework was also a great source of amusement. During her imprisonment at Tutbury Castle, it afforded her great solace at those intervals not devoted to reading and composition. At court, while she plied her needle she listened to the discussions of her ministers, displaying in her opinions and suggestions a vigor of mind and a quickness of perception which astonished the statesmen around her; at other times, she applied herself to literature, particularly poetry and history. Several pieces of the work of this unfortunate queen are preserved in the castles of the nobility in Scotland. Of Queen Mary, Princess of Orange, we have some remains in the palace at Hampton Court. Needlework was her favorite amusement. Queen Charlotte was exceedingly fond of needlework, and was solicitous that the princesses should excel in the same amusing art. In the room in which her Majesty used to sit with her family, were some cane-bottomed chairs, and when playing about, the princesses were taught the different stitches on this rude canvas. As they grew older, a portion of each day was spent in this employment, and with their royal mother as their companion and instructress, they became accomplished needlewomen.

FARM AND GARDEN.

Bedding of Hogs.—Of all materials for the bedding of hogs I know of nothing that can excel cornstalks. They do not pack down like straw or leaves; the hogs will run and turn them over, and being of a springy and elastic nature, are always more clean and economical when short of bedding.

For Preserving Eggs.—Mix half a pint of unslaked lime with the same quantity of salt and a couple of gallons of boiling water. When cold put in the eggs; see that they are well covered with water, and the vessel containing them kept in a cool place. The eggs should be fresh when put in, as one bad one will spoil all.

To Prevent Potatoes From Rot.—Dust over the floor of the bin with lime, and put in about six or seven inches of potatoes, then dust with lime as before, then more potatoes, using about one bushel of lime to forty bushels of potatoes. The lime improves the flavor of the potatoes, and effectually kills the fungi which cause the rot.

Manure.—The liquid voidings of animals are worth more—good authorities say one-sixth more—pound for pound, than the solid excrements, and are saved with greater care by the best European farmers and gardeners. All the leaks in the stable are not in the roof, those often in the floor are quite as objectionable, and are the cause of a great deal of wastage. Make the stable floor tight, with a gutter at the heels of the stock to carry it off to an adjacent tank, or into a heap of muck or other absorbent.

The Murzthal Cattle.—The Murzthal race of cattle are natives of Austria, though they are considered to be closely allied to the Hungarian cattle. These beautiful cattle are much prized for their milk-giving properties. The cows have been known to produce [illegible] quarts of milk per annum, while [illegible] quarts is given as the usual average. The oxen are especially suited to draught purposes, and after being worked from three to six years are fatted, and make excellent beef. The color of the hair of this race is badger gray, with brighter stripes round the eyes, and dark-colored belly.

Walking and Trotting.—Good trotters are generally fast walkers, and fast walking is an important gait on the farm. There is no use of being two hours doing a piece of work when it can just as well be done in one hour. It is bad economy to have a poor scrub of a horse on a farm that soon tires out, when you can have a game, fast-walking horse, that don't know what it is to tire, and that can get over more ground in a day than a scrub can get over in two days. The breeders of horses should look to these things. We are progressing rapidly, and we must progress more rapidly still. We must drop bad practices and adopt good ones.

Feed for Poultry.—Animal plucks, which can be got in the market-house for a few cents apiece, are valuable to feed to fowls, for two reasons. They are devoid of bones, and they closely resemble insect diet. We advise the cooking of any sort of meat food always. These "harslets" (as those of swine) should be boiled, seasoned with salt and pepper and fed, say twice a week, to fowls, where they can be had handily. For laying hens, when confined, in winter, this change of food from constant grain-feeding is excellent. For young stock, where the chickens are confined to small runs or close cages, this meat, chopped up and mixed three times a week with their soft food, will help the younglings wonderfully.

American Farming.—American farming is now equal to any in the world. Our farms, generally, are cleaner and freer from weeds than foreign ones—with some exceptions—and if we would use our native fertilizers, such as bones and meat refuse and fish guano; our native foods, such as linseed and cotton-seed oil cakes, instead of selling to our foreign competitors; and also use those artificial fertilizers which are so cheap and effective, as an aid to increase our crops, we could excel the famed English farms in the product of the fields. We have this yet to do. All that is needed is intelligence and confidence that the more liberally we feed our soils, the more bountifully they will reward us with teeming harvests.

Time Lost at Plowing.—The comparative time lost in turning at the ends of long and short furrows, in plowing large or small fields, may be seen from the following calculation:—With a length of furrow measuring 2[illegible] feet, and a breadth of 10 inches, in a day's work of ten hours, the time lost by a team in turning would equal five hours and eleven minutes, while but four hours and forty-nine minutes would be devoted to plowing; with a length of furrow of 4[illegible]7 feet, two hours and forty-four minutes would be lost in turning, and seven hours and sixteen minutes devoted to plowing; a length of furrow of [illegible] feet would necessitate two hours loss of time in turning, with eight hours of plowing, while with a length of furrow of [illegible] feet, only one hour and twenty-eight minutes would be lost in turning, giving eight hours and thirty-two minutes out of the day's work for actual plowing.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Prof. Schem's History of
THE WAR IN THE EAST,
of the conflict between Russia and Turkey is the LIVE book for LIVE agents. Has 7[illegible] octavo pages, [illegible] Engravings of Battles, Fortresses, Generals, &c., &c. Price $[illegible]. Terms unequaled. AGENTS WANTED. H. S. GOODSPEED & CO., New York or Cincinnati, O.

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"SAMANTHA AT THE CENTENNIAL." Address, American Pub. Co., Hartford, Conn.

TO OUR PATRONS.

The Post has ever striven to be the BEST LITERARY PAPER IN EXISTENCE. It resorts to no falsehoods or artifices to increase its reputation, but depends solely and entirely upon INTRINSIC MERIT. It has no recourse to tricks to enlarge its circulation. It does not depend upon vile wood cuts, illustrating vile stories which are as unnatural and morbid as they are immoral and criminal. It has never sown broadcast the seeds of evil in the shape of coarse and low advertisements, vaunting itself and decorating itself with false laurels, badly executed and third rate cuts, miserable serials which pander only to the tastes of the lowest of the low, and which tend to bring a cloud of wretchedness over the whole community.

On the other hand THE SATURDAY EVENING POST is alive and willing and earnest to be led by the wishes, desires and suggestions of its readers, to profit by them and to endeavor to make the paper THE BEST, CHEAPEST, MOST VALUABLE, AND MOST WORTHY WEEKLY PERIODICAL PUBLISHED IN AMERICA!

The present age of education, culture and refinement demands new and varied sources of intellectual pleasure. It totally ignores the [illegible] and impure literature, and the humor, stupid and commonplace effusions of thought suited only to the feeblest minds. It demands life, energy, [illegible], variety, humor and originality, or if not the rare originality of true genius at least its approximate suggestiveness.

Now all these merits are to be found embodied in the well-edited columns of the Post, and our most critical readers have ever endorsed its general excellence, interest, liveliness and variety of topic, information and excellence. In all and every of these respects it is *facile princeps*.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. PHILADELPHIA. 1821.

SATURDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 15, 1879.

Contents of this Number.

[illegible]

A FAMILY PAPER.

It is because the SATURDAY EVENING POST is specially, particularly, directly and perfectly suited to the home circle that its merits are so highly appreciated by those who love home virtue, home influences and all the attendant joys which centre in a family where good, pure and elevating reading, and refining and intellectual literature are patronized.

Mothers and fathers who minister to their children's happiness and comfort, take the POST. They read it for their own good and for the good of their children, knowing well the important fact that its columns always contain fine literary matter, excellent serials and short stories, and departments rich in information and entertainment.

The POST is a complete library in itself. It combines and concentrates all the excellence of a complete library within its forty-eight columns, and all this at a price which suits the times and which commends every subscription as a most beneficial investment, and the POST, therefore, deserves the unparalleled celebrity which it has obtained as the family paper for all homes.

THE RIVER CLOUD,

the first instalment of which appears in this number, will be found a most artistic story, as natural as it is effective.

OUR SHORT STORIES are most absorbing and effective.

FIVE SERIALS are now in the course of publication in the POST.

SANCTUM CHAT is really what it professes to be—the lively gossippy chat of the Editor with his readers.

BOOK OF OBJECTS [illegible] of its interest. It is, in fact, the most complete and thorough collection of famous phrases which has appeared in any paper or work.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY. Every reader of the POST will respond to a tribute to this truly great man. The 22d of February marks the epoch of the birth of a true hero, a wise statesman and a good man.

ANSWERS TO ALL INQUIRERS. This department of the POST contains a world of information. Although we cannot answer the multitude of inquiries made of us at once, but have to defer many of them until we have space, we assure our correspondents that all communications will certainly be respectfully noticed by the editor.

HOME CULTURE. The author of this fine department of the Post—the like of which has never yet appeared in any paper or periodical—enters deeply and with keen insight, into the philosophy of manners, the actual logic of forms, customs, and all the indices of true civilization, and her work is as beautiful in style as it is instructive, entertaining and useful in matter.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT, FASHION NOTES, QUERIES AND FIRESIDE CHAT. It will be worth our readers while to look attentively at this department of the Post, and notice with what tact and taste the Editor contrives to give a perfect epitome of the fashions and what is going on in the great bazaars of the city in respect to toilettes. The Fireside Chat is also worthy of all the interest and attention it is at present exciting.

SYMPATHY.

We are all bound by the mysterious chain of Sympathy, and we are all members of a common and united brotherhood, whose organization embraces every human being, and which does not distinguish as to race, creed or locality. The world, thank Heaven, is better than it appears to be despite the pessimists and howls of morbid prophets, and there never yet was a case of true distress, misery, or want of appreciation existing among men but found ample sympathy and hosts of comforters and friends.

The general impulse of humanity is for good as well as public opinion recognizes this fact when it responds in sympathy to those who have erred and who have met with only unmerited justice without mercy. Then it is that the common bond of union between man as brothers is evidenced in the noblest way and sympathy flows out and aid to the unfortunate are extended on every side.

SANCTUM CHAT.

"Bosh" is a Turkish word meaning "Good for nothing." "Adam" in the same language means a man. Therefore, when Mahommedans wish to call a fellow a scamp, in words to that effect, they say "Bosh Adam!" It is well to know these things.

For the benefit of folks who love pumpkin pie, Prof. F. H. Storer, of the Bussey Institution, has made a scientific analysis of a pumpkin, and finds that the rind of that gourd is nearly three and a half times as rich in albumen oids as the flesh and proves that the pumpkin is a very nutritious affair altogether.

They say a tramp ninety-eight years old is perambulating Eastern Massachusetts towns. Now they don't say whether he has been ninety-eight years in the tramping business or whether he has just taken to the profession. The greatest tramp in mythology is the Wandering Jew, and this old chap must be either that notorious pedestrian or an imitator of his style, passing himself off as Salathiel, in hopes somebody will give him a "rest."

The mere theorists in music have affected very little popularity with the masses, for the reason that music, to the great majority of people, is a purely sensual, and not an intellectual delight. The works of Beethoven and Bach appeal to higher culture, and the theory of counterpoint is of itself a science which requires much study to appreciate, but when once appreciated and mastered it enables one to understand the wonderful harmonies of the masters, and satisfies the soul to a far greater degree than the more sensual music of the Italian and French school.

They say Lord Arlington, whenever he expects a royal visit, puts his female servants in dresses and ribbons to match the colors of the rooms in which they are attached. This may be done on the theory of color concealment resorted to by insects and birds, and which, as Darwin has hinted, is for the purpose of hiding them from their natural enemies. That naturalist says the snake, the wildcat and leopard take the color of dark thickets and interlacing twigs, and moths and butterflies are colored like the flowers they rob of their honey. Lord Arlington may be a friend of this hypothesis.

The rumor is afloat that Joaquin Miller is writing a new play, in which the most startling characters are a number of cannibals. Surely the stage needs novelty and this idea of Joaquin's is certainly novel, and will be sure to have a long run. It might be called "Devoured; or, The Villainous Villain," "Well Done; or, How He Tasted Her," "Long Pig; or, The Lunch Fiend of the Cannibal Isles." It will certainly be a most exciting play. To see a host of unclad savages preparing a hearty repast upon a ship's crew, for example, and dancing a ballet while the supper is cooking, would be a fascinating entertainment which would throw in the shade all the "Black Crook" performances and such spectacular shows and prove itself the sensation of the season.

The attraction of gravitation must have bothered a great many of the ancients before Newton discovered it, and before they knew what was the matter when things went tumbling and rolling about in every conceivable direction, and dropping and playing all kinds of diabolical tricks, just as they do now days when you are nervous of any object you lay upon the table in front of you; for it is always prone to obey this immutable law and fall on the floor into recesses unknown. They say it holds the planets in place as something to that effect, but it also makes poor mortals waste anathemas to a considerable extent when it chooses to exert its power. It seems to us it is always stronger in some places than in others and the neighborhood of our editorial table is a favored spot. It drags down paper on the least provocation and the other day it coaxed our inkstand down upon the floor. We can only assume that it belongs ofttimes to a species of psychic force which is closely allied to diablerie and it needs exorcising occasionally.

The love of flowers is becoming as greatly developed a taste among the Americans as among the French and the Oriental nations. In fact, we are very much like the French, although we have as yet no real art among us, in respect to our fondness for color and symmetry. This love is innate in us, because we live in a land of gorgeous atmosphere, clear blue skies, grand cloud effects, wonderful sunsets and moonlights far surpassing the famed Italian ones, and a variety of landscape which is not found in any other lands. Apropos of Italian sunsets, it will be observed that the English poets first brought them to the attention of the English the day when America was not as much visited by English tourists as now, and was comparatively a terra incognita. Of course, the great contrast between the dull November atmosphere, the smoke and fog of the Thames, and the radiant glory of the Italian heavens could not fail to impress the traveler, much less a writer and a poet. Hence the vaunted glory of the Italian sunsets and moonlights which owe their origin and claim to fiction and poetry.

The man who likes one poem is a friend of ours. This individual swears by Poe's "Raven," and is everlastingly mouthing it. He is a quiet, peaceable man, well to do, human, with nothing in the world to worry him, and yet he becomes terribly gloomy when he recites in a deep, bass voice, over and again the lines:

"And my soul
From out that shadow floating on the floor,
Shall be lifted—nevermore!"

He is a well meaning man, but at times in the midst of a game of cards, for instance, he will exclaim:

"In distinctly I remember, it was in the bleak December!"

And when we ask him what is trump will reply vaguely:

"Quoth the raven, nevermore!"

We fully expect him to measure his last words to the rhythm of Poe's sombre cadences and no matter with his last breath:

[illegible]

This wishing ring, which some old fairy yarn tells us about, must have been a fine thing to have. It was a little circle of gold which was worn upon the thumb and which gratified every good wish instantly, but in the event of a bad or wicked wish being uttered, or even thought, would bear the owner down by a host of gallant clouds. A good invention it was, no doubt, yet rather an unpleasant trinket to possess, as the general run of weak mortality goes. A man hardly knew what befell him when the ring knocked him down. He might consult a score of physicians to no effect whatever as to the cause of the commotion. A fellow noted for his morality, piety and humanitarianism might have been dining with a bishop in state, and all of a sudden flopped over like a man in a fit, to the great consternation of the guests, who little imagined it was some wicked wish that did it. A wondrous invention, when we come to think of it. It appears that nobody in the good old days cared much about keeping the ring, for very obvious reasons, and so it passed from pawnbroker to pawnbroker, having knocked down a score of good people on its way, including a few pawnbrokers, and finally disappeared, much to the relief of the people of the ancient times who were no better than they ought to have been.

The book worm is a curious species of human. The French call such a person a bouquiniste. He is ever on the alert to pick up old volumes, not that he loves literature but merely because they are books. The bouquiniste always has a great collection of the odds and ends of printed matter—old tomes in parchment and modern works in shabby cloth—the Elzevir editions and the antiquated books of this century. A book to him is precious simply because it is a book and it becomes a priceless treasure in his eyes in proportion to its age or its rarity. We know such a collector who has never read a single volume in his motley collection, and yet who prides himself upon knowing just what volumes he possesses. He is immensely pleased when a friend drops in and discovers a treasure in a poem of Longfellow or Tennyson or Beranger. Then the worm comes to possess a double charm to him. On one occasion we asked him if he had Robert Browning. "Oh, yes," he replied, "on the third shelf, the fifth book." Sure enough there it was, dust covered and uncut. We read him "Christmas Eve" and "The Bishop orders his tomb in St. Praxed's Church." Nothing could exceed his delight when he heard those poems. He grasped the volume, surveyed it with pride and exclaimed: "It is wonderful that such poetry is in Browning—why I only paid a quarter for the book!" and he replaced it on the shelf with the air of a man who had chanced upon an El Dorado.

DRAINING THE ZUYDER ZEE.—Active preparations are going on for the long projected work of draining the Zuyder Zee. A dam twenty-five miles long is to be carried across the gulf and upon this pumping machines are to be erected, having 10,000 horse power, and capable of discharging from the enclosed sea a quantity of water equal to about 6,000,000 cubic metres daily. The work is expected to occupy sixteen years, its cost will be something over $40,000,000.

HOME CULTURE.

XXXIII.

SELF-TRAINING;

A COMPANION TO THE

"YOUNG LADY'S FRIEND,"

Compiled to Suit Life in America.

BY

MRS. H. O. WARD.

CHAPTER XII. [CONTINUED.]

[illegible]

CHAPTER XIII.

[illegible]

[illegible]

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LIVING FOR LOVE.

Two lovers sought a maiden fair,
 And each began to woo;
Of equal station, equal wealth,
 Equal in person too.
Where rivalry so equal strove
 What could the maiden do?

Each promised her eternal truth—
 For lovers all are true;
Each pictured worlds of happiness,
 And scenes of pleasure new;
Each was the truest and the best—
 What could the maiden do?

"I'll die for you," one lover said,
 "What further can I do?"
"I'll live for you," the other said;
 That was a promise new.
The maiden gently bowed her head
 What else could maiden do?

'Tis not so hard in this hard world
 To die; then all is past.
The love that's bold enough to live—
 That is the love to last.
"And you will live for me?" she said
 "Well, then, the die is cast."

THE RIVEN CLOUD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OLD MYDDELTON'S MONEY," "NORA'S LOVE-TEST," "REAPING THE WHIRLWIND," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

The little boys have just started off to school, Dolf carrying the bag of school-books, and Stevie a little parcel of my seed cake for their luncheon; and I, still standing at the shop door where I always wait for their last nod and smile, feel my eyes fill with tears. Though I sat up so late last night mending their coats, though I brushed their caps so carefully, and though I made their little frayed collars as white as hands could make them, my little brothers still look very, very poor. And I cannot help it. Those who are poor know how impossible it is to look otherwise, even with all care, and will understand how, though I try so hard (and have tried for all the seven years since our mother died), we all still look—what we are—very, very poor.

My little brothers are at the corner of the street now; they turn with their last smile, and in another moment they are out of sight. I go in from the door, and wipe my eyes, and begin to dust the books in the shop; and presently I find myself actually singing over the task; for, after all, poverty is not sickness or death, and indeed singing comes more naturally to me even yet than crying.

I polish the glass case (very carefully, for fear of the cracked panes giving way), and display to the greatest advantage the few little prints and showy articles which we possess. I make the brightest books conspicuous, and put the faded ones into the background. Then I change the places of the prints and periodicals in the window, that the stationer opposite (whose books and pictures are constantly renewed) may imagine that we sometimes replenish our stock. And, while I am busy, the old sad thought lies only half hidden under those passing fancies I try so hard to hold—

"How hard it is to pay our way from day to day! And how long shall we be able to do it? How long, above all, will my dear old father——"

I stifle that thought, and go back to my singing, while I put my duster away in its drawer, and rule and date the day-book. This is Thursday, and only six shillings and sixpence have been taken through the week. I make a rapid mental calculation—rent for house and shop; gas, which must be burned all the evening in the shop whether customers are in or not; coal, taxes, food for six people, three of whom are hungry growing children; clothing for us all, the stock to keep up, the school-bills to meet, and a few poor to help, to whom our mother used to be kind, and whom she begged us never to forget. And against all this six shillings and sixpence taken in in three days!

In the few moments of silence, while my head is still bent over the day-book, and I am vainly trying to feel strong and ready for whatever may happen, some one whose step I know comes into the shop. Yet I do not raise my head; no, not though my heart is beating with a love which, in its great intensity, amounts to pain, because it is a love which has never yet gone hand in hand with hope. Gently, though by hands that are used to work, my head is lifted; then, while my eyes grow hot and troubled under the long gaze that holds them (so tender, so longing, so unutterably sad!), a cry escapes my lips involuntarily, for I know now that this is to be our good-bye—Philip's and mine. Still it is long before I can whisper his name, just to disturb this silence which seems so full of heartache for us both; but for the first time in his life he does not answer me. Then, as I cannot bear that yearning gaze of his any longer, I draw my face away and cover it. And when at last he breaks this miserable silence of his, leaning on the counter with his head in his hands in a weary, spiritless way, I hardly recognize the heavy voice as his.

"Jeanie, say good-bye to me, and let me go."

"Not a last good-bye—oh, not a last good-bye!" I falter.

"Why not?" he questions moodily; but, oh, his face is so full of misery—the handsome, honest face that I have seen so happy and content! "Why not? Are these such pleasant interviews that we should multiply them? Is it manly for me to come and make your hard life harder by letting you witness (beyond your own) my poverty and my despair?"

"They are my poverty and my despair, too," I say very timidly; "and I cannot bear them without you."

"I want a heart of iron to fight my way from this humiliation," he goes on, still in that unfamiliar tone; "and when I am with you I grow weak and trembling like a woman. I—I will not come again."

"If I thought you meant it, Philip," I say with a smile—a real smile, for could I pretend anything in the face of his intense earnestness?—"I would help you to go away. I would even ask you never to come again if I thought I really made you weak. So you shall think it over, and tell me exactly what you think, next time you come."

"Next time!" he echoes, but the unfamiliar bitterness has almost vanished from his tone now, and the old warm, loving look comes back into his eyes as he takes my hand in his and kisses me. "Next time, Jeanie! Very well, there shall be one more. I had meant this to be the last. I had meant to put a hundred miles to-day between myself and you, but your own words are always best. And what a respite it seems! There, isn't that cowardly? But, oh, my dear, my dear, how shall I ever bear that parting which is so near?"

"You really think it wiser to go, Philip?" I ask, trying not to let there be any disappointment in my tone.

"It is my only hope," he answers me, covering my hands warmly and closely in his own, just as if to show me how he would hold and protect me if he could. "It is the only chance I have of ever winning you, darling, into my own home, and cherishing you there as you are cherished now in my heart. Dear love, for such an end a man may well work hard and long and uncomplainingly, and I will—I will. You have calls enough upon your courage and your patience, my own love, without my giving you others. And I ought at least to comfort and encourage you, until I can bear the hardness for you, and give you ease and rest at last. Oh, Jeanie, Jeanie, when shall we gain that sweet 'at last' that we have thought of so long, and that seems to get farther from us day by day?"

"But it is really coming nearer to us day by day," I add, trying to look hopefully into Philip's grave, sad eyes. "And we are both young and faithful, and can wait."

"Dear," he whispers, in an unsteady voice, "I seem to have waited so long, and to be no nearer claiming you to-day than I was two years ago, when I found you first, my child-love. Not so near," he goes on brokenly, "for I was full of hope and courage then, and now——"

"And now," I cry, not minding that my eyes are filled with tears, because I can only think of the two years of poverty and disappointment he has borne—and borne in vain—and which have told sadly on his strong young figure and his dauntless gentle nature—"your child-love is a woman, Philip, and the love she gives you is stronger and truer a hundredfold than it was two years ago."

Then, as he gently takes my face between his hands once more, and kisses it, I see the old, steadfast, patient look come back into his eyes, and I shrink from asking him any questions that may chase it away again. But he does not wait to be asked. He gives me the gloomy tidings tenderly, and tries to make me believe that he is not depressed and sick at heart because another scheme of his has failed.

"It was of no use," he says, "the post was filled an hour before I reached Stafford. Yet the manager seemed pleased too, Jeanie, with the specimen I took."

"Pleased! I should think so," I cry—and I can feel that my pride in him brings a warmer color into my cheeks. "Father says that when he went over the Worcester factories, years ago, he never saw any painting so clever as yours, Philip—none!"

"Perhaps," Philip answers, smiling gently, for he would never doubt my father's judgment; "painting on china has made a great advance since then, Jeanie. The work, in its perfection, is very beautiful now, dear."

"Yours is, Philip."

"Yes, mine is—sometimes," he assents, with a sigh which I see him try to stifle. "But I often get low, like a fool, and out of heart, and then my work is vile. I need no one to tell me this, I can see it myself, and, as I see it so different from my idea, you may guess my hand does not gain in cunning. But sometimes again I am satisfied with my own designs; and—yes, I think they are even as you say, beautiful. If I had only one fair start," he cries, drawing one hand wearily through his hair, "I might——"

"'Look the whole world in the face and owe not any man,'" I put in, trying to bring a smile to his harassed face.

"I might give you—but what is the use to think of an impossible case?" he says unsteadily.

"Not impossible at all, Philip," I contradict. "It is two years nearer than it was when I knew you first, and then you said you should soon be at the top of the profession. Do you forget?"

"Forget!" he echoes, meeting my eyes with just his own old smile. "It takes a man more than two years to forget such castles as I built then, my darling. They have fallen about me in ashes, but I cannot forget them."

"Now, Philip," I say, trying in a most unnatural way to be cheerful, "tell me what is your next plan?"

"My next plan," he said, in a hard, curt way, "is—America."

"Oh, Philip!"

The cry of sorrow and fear comes from me sorely against my will; and, when I see the change it brings into his face, I understand that it was the strong command he had put upon himself which had made him tell me of this project so coldly and briefly.

"Don't say a word to me, Jeanie—not one word. It is ruin to me to stay here, and—it is you only who can keep me."

But my heart is stronger because I have seen how he suffers, and I feel how unworthy I shall be of his great love if I do not help him in such hours as these.

"If you say it is best for you to go, Philip," I say, as steadily as ever I can, "I shall know it really is best, and I shall—I shall think all day and night of how you will some day come home again to me, and of how happy we shall be—then."

"My dearest," he says, in a strange sort of intense whisper, holding my hands so tightly that he really pains me. And then it seems as if the other words he wished to say will not come. So I smile a little—though it all seems strange, as if my lips could never have known how to smile before—and say that he shall tell me all the rest next time he comes—next time.

"I had so much to tell you, Jeanie, to explain and soften that resolution I have had to make in my deep despair; and I have said nothing."

"You have told me of the resolution, Philip," I answer, almost steadily. "That is enough for this morning. It will seem different to me when you come next; and we can talk of other things—too. I—I see exactly what you mean, Philip—exactly."

"I do not," he says, in an odd bitter way, as he turns his head suddenly from me. "I would to Heaven I did! When will it all be clear?"

"Very soon," I answer, feeling strangely while I speak thus to Philip, because he has always been so much braver than I have; and there never was a time before this when I have had to speak as if he were impatient or discontented. "Very soon, Philip; and we shall see our future clearly, as you say; we shall see it so bright, and we shall love it so—we two—always together. What will this little separation signify, for all will be right at last? And—oh, my love, I am so faithful in my heart!"

I had not thought what words I was going to say. They came from me like a sob, in my great love and yearning, and in my pity for us both. Very quietly he holds me for a moment, while I feel the quick irregular beating of his heart; then he leaves upon my shaking lips one of his old long gentle kisses, and I am alone, standing with my eyes covered that I may not see him go, for, oh, I am still so cowardly and so unworthy of his great love!

"Jeanie!"

It is father calling, and I run to him into the parlor behind the shop, and take my morning kiss—a double kiss this morning because it is his birthday. Then I bring up his breakfast from the fire, where I have been keeping it warm ever since Lottie took aunt Charlotte's up to bed to her, nearly half an hour before.

"Now, father dear," I whisper, putting one arm softly round him, when I give him his coffee, and dropping my eyes that they may not rest upon his worn and haggard face, "you must make a good meal, because, you know, however late you stay in the city, you never get yourself anything there, and you need it so much. And don't stay late to-day, dear," I plead, kissing his thin cheek, still with my eyes turned away. "Promise me you will not stay late. It is better far, dear, to be—to go on as we are, than for you to wear yourself out as you are—as you would do, I'm sure, in your hope of helping us."

"Go on as we are!" he murmurs, echoing my words most sadly. "Jeanie, dear, we cannot go on as we are."

"Then things will get better," I put in, picking specks of dust from his worn coat.

"Or worse," he adds, very low, putting down his knife and fork and looking out into the shop—no, not into it, but as if through it, into a great vacancy beyond.

"They cannot be worse, father dear," I say, in quite a cheery sort of way. "The very first change that comes must necessarily be a change for the better."

"If I get nothing to do, Jean"—he never calls me "Jean" when he is not sorely troubled—"very soon everything we have must go."

"Why, father, there is no one to take them!" I say, but there comes a great lump into my throat quite suddenly, and a sort of mist before my eyes; for it does not need beautiful and costly things about one to make one love one's home and all within it even with a strong and clinging love.

"But, if I do get employment," my father goes on, while I try in vain to give him the smile I can so plainly see he misses—"and I quite believe I soon shall my dear—we may manage to—to tide over the winter, Jeanie."

"How good that will be, father!" I say, for indeed I feel very thankful to think we may pass the hardest season of all, and begin a fresh year.

"So you see, Jeanie," father says, rising with the very busiest air imaginable, and looking for a moment quite important as he buttons up his thin black coat, "how much depends upon my going into the city, don't you?"

"Yes, father; but you will not walk too far or fast too long?"

No, he will not. He will remember that he is old, and that his children are young—so he tells me, with the dreamy smile which makes his pinched face look a little like what I have seen it in the old days long ago.

I kiss him again, finding no words to answer this, and then we talk of other things, while he eats his breakfast, because I want to tempt him on to take more than he usually does, before his long day's walking and talking, and anxiety and disappointment. I tell him how Jenning's sister (Jenning is the boy who takes down the shop shutters every morning) has a situation in Hammersmith, to which she goes to-night, and how Jenning begged a sheet of note-paper and an envelope to give her as a parting gift, and what a wise present I think it, because it will be sure to come back to him. I tell him that I believe Preston, the chemist, has a new assistant, and that Evans' windows next door look nice and dusty, and show off ours beautifully. Then (in quite the same tone) I tell him that Philip has been into the shop, having had quite ten minutes to stay and chat. But I do not tell him of the two new prints in the stationer's opposite, nor—nor of what Philip came to tell me.

"Now, father," I say at last, when he has left the table, and I am putting into paper for him a good slice of my seed-cake, "you will eat this, won't you, as you pass through some unfrequented street? Don't forget it, as you did yesterday, and bring it home unopened. I really shall feel it a personal insult, and shall know you are as hard to please as aunt Charlotte, who says she can not eat my cakes."

"My dear," he explains anxiously, "I always enjoy it, but I forgot it yesterday. Yes, I will eat it surely, Jeanie. As for the unfrequented streets, dear, why, I know plenty of frequented ones in the city where I could peacefully demolish a whole loaf, without any one but myself being aware of the dark deed. Now are you sure you have told me everything you want for the shop?"

I give him a list; scarcely one item is more than the merest trifle, but the memorandum is elaborately copied out and explained to give it an air of importance. Then I brush his hat and tie on his comforter, and by that time we hear Aunt Charlotte's heavy step, and she meets us, leaning heavily upon Lottie's shoulder.

The taking up of aunt Charlotte's breakfast, waiting on her while she eats it, and then assisting her industriously during the protracted performance of dressing, is always Lottie's morning work, while I have the breakfast to prepare, father's coffee to pour out, and the shop to dust and arrange. And (fortunately, I think) it very rarely happens that father has not started before aunt Charlotte makes her appearance down-stairs, always entering so heavily and so gloomily, with her hand on Lottie's shoulder, looking as if she hated each fresh day as it comes, and always seeming injured if this gloomy shadow does not reach Lottie's gentle face below her.

But to-day father meets her, as I say, and so turns back, after his cheery greeting to her, to wheel her chair to the fire.

"Going out again, Steven?" she exclaims, in her most fretful tone. "You must have plenty of money to spare. No one who had not his purse full would go backwards and forwards to town as you do day after day."

"My dear, I am going to make the little I have into much," father says, speaking hopefully, as he invariably does to aunt Charlotte when in her dismal, worrying moods.

"Well," she sighs, pushing away the knitting Lottie brings her, "it is only wasting words to tell you what I think about it. You will never see your own imprudence, I'm convinced, until it is too late. But then I am glad to think its consequence will be a more effectual punishment than my warning words."

"And a sharper one, too, Charlotte."

And Charlotte turns her head impatiently away at these gentle words.

"You none of you feel things as I do," she moans; "but how can I expect you should? You do not sit here all day thinking of what might have been. You are not capable of looking far on, and seeing the ruin and poverty that threaten us. You act like babies, and don't seem to know what misery means. You laugh as you could never do if you felt for those who suffer trials like me. You have no consideration for me. You forget that I know how things ought to be with us if right were done."

"I remember Who knows exactly how things ought to be with us, and Who will some day set them right," father whispers so low that I think no one hears him but me; for I always do hear every word he says, whatever I may be doing, because, you see, I have been so long trying to be to him just a little what mother was.

"If turning into fun things that ought to be cried over, would bring us money," aunt Charlotte goes on icily, "I would try to do it. And, if laughing would provide any one of us with warm clothes for the winter, I would try to laugh too."

"Do, Charlotte," poor father interposes, with quite a beaming smile, that dies a sudden death next moment. "Do, try, my dear, and then at any rate we—shall see."

"I never," said aunt Charlotte, with a slow, rigid gaze into her poor father's face, "saw anything so ridiculous, Steven, as your pretending to believe we are not hopelessly poor, and need not be utterly depressed. Why, bless me, just tell me what we are, if we are not about the very poorest people in Hackney!"

"I don't know—I don't know what we are—if not," murmurs poor father, the frail gleam of spirit seeming quite dead now.

"And Jean is the worst of you all," aunt Charlotte goes on, for she seldom has one of these fretful attacks without very specially alluding to me. She sings about the house, while I may sit here and break my heart."

Then father pauses a moment, just as he is leaving the room, and lays his gentle hand upon my head.

"Even Jeanie's singing," he says, "does not make us poorer. She has care enough, for we all lean on her young, willing hands. She has need of some brightness—even if she has to make it for herself, as well as for us. God bless her. Let her sing."

CHAPTER II.

Standing just within the shop door, I watch father out of sight, just as I watched the children; then I go back to have my breakfast with Lottie, if we can both be spared for it just then. And we can, for aunt Charlotte is too moody and silent now to find employment for either of us. We, too, are unusually silent this morning, Lotty looking pale and tired enough, though it is so early, and I haunted ceaselessly by the memory that Philip is going away from me.

When our breakfast is over (it is always a brief meal enough, but to-day it is briefer than usual), Lottie helps me to carry the things into the kitchen, then takes her sewing and sits where she can mind the shop, as well as be near enough to Aunt Charlotte to wait upon her, and to talk to her if she should feel inclined to talk. I do not sing this morning, as I go about my household work, but it is quite late before I discover this fact, stopping and wondering over it then with a sort of solitary self-pitying little laugh. I am dusting out aunt Charlotte's bed room, and, without exactly knowing what thought follows my discovery, I go up to her glass and look at my own face. It is not changed. It looks no older than it did this morning, when I stood plaiting my hair, and romancing with Lottie upon happy impossibilities, while she sat up in bed screwing her courage for the final plunge out into the cold. Yet I never dreamed then of Philip going. Nor will I dream of it now, for, if I do, oh, how heavily the hours will pass! And when father comes———. No not another thought. What a blessing work is! I dare say many a girl's heart is saved from breaking, and her thoughts saved from bitterness by daily tasks that must be done for others.

While the potatoes are steaming, I run up to lay the cloth for dinner; and, finding Lottie has done that for me, I stay a few minutes chatting by aunt Charlotte's chair, before I go down again to broil her chop. It was not an extra large or fine one, but, as father brought it from town yesterday so cautiously and circumspectly, and as I have cooked it with the greatest care, it has such an intrinsic value in my eyes that I feel as if aunt Charlotte must surely make some pleasant remark upon it. But she does not. There are plenty of potatoes for Lottie and me and the children, for we are all healthy, and can enjoy a meal of potatoes or bread and cheese most heartily—Lottie especially, because she is growing so fast that she is generally hungry; but indeed father says that I, though I am nearly nineteen (six years older than Lottie) am growing too.

When I have washed up and put everything away after dinner, and changed my frock, it is my turn to mind shop; so I get the waistcoat I am making for father, and stitch at it, helping Lottie the while with her lessons. Poor little Lottie! These lessons of hers are a struggle for both of us, and I am sure she must know as well as I do (though she would never say it, never) that I am scarcely educated enough myself to help her, and that, if it could be possible that father could afford to send her to school, she would soon be a very clever girl, as well as such a very happy one.

"Don't you ever wonder, Jean," she says to me sometimes—but very seldom—"why things should be always hard for us, when they seem to be so smooth for other people? Oh, how it puzzles me when I see girls of my own age going to school so unwillingly, while I should think it such a great blessing! Jean, what are we to do? No one gives father anything to do—and I don't wonder. Even you don't wonder, Jeanie, though you so persistently pretend you see no change in him; for he gets to look so weak and so—so old, poor father! No one comes into the shop, and of course they never will while everything looks so new and tempting in the other windows in the street. No one takes our lodgings; and we cannot advertise to bring people here. Aunt Charlotte is always groaning and complaining, and making everything far more hard to bear than even it must be. You have hardly had any opportunities yourself, for learning. Poor father gets no time to help either of us. There's no end to our work, Jean—yours and mine."

"I like the work, dear," I answer quietly, "and better times will come."

"Your always saying that doesn't bring them, Jean," Lottie answers in a quick, petulant way so unusual with her and so sad to hear. "How are better times to come? Will the things in the shop get newer and more saleable while we wait for customers? Do the rooms we want to let grow more and more attractive while we pay rent for them to be unoccupied? Will father be more likely to be engaged as he grows older and weaker? Doesn't aunt Charlotte get harder and crosser every day, and don't the boys grow out of all their clothes, wearing everything into holes, and always so hungry?"

"Always hungry and healthy, thank Heaven," I say. "And, though there is nothing we can do just now to lessen our poverty, Lottie, because, though I am old enough to go out and earn money, I cannot be spared, still we can make the best of it, dear, and try to make the work pleasant to each other."

Then Lottie has a passionate fit of crying, hiding her face upon my shoulder, where she cannot see my tears, and blames herself cruelly for being fretful, and for—oh, for a hundred things for which she is not really one atom to blame! And she clings to me so lovingly that I begin to wonder whether our love could be so great if our possessions were greater and—it all seems very fair to me. There is an old agreement between us that whenever we rent our two rooms Lottie shall go to an afternoon school, it being impossible to spare her for the whole day while aunt Charlotte is so exacting, and while there is so much to do regardless of her.

"But there will be more to do if we have a lodger," Lottie says, with a momentary qualm.

This idea I will not entertain for a moment. Perhaps we may be so wonderfully fortunate as to meet with a single gentleman who would be away all day. At any rate, it is no harm to assure Lottie how highly probable this is.

I am very busy all the afternoon over father's waistcoat, because I do so want it to be ready when he comes home. We always try to have a sort of little festival at night on his birthday.

Lottie has, after long saving, bought a bottle of sherry for him, and the little boys have clubbed their entire wealth to buy him a tie, over which, and the keeping of the great secret, they have had pleasure and excitement far beyond its value. So far aunt Charlotte has not apparently remembered the day; and we are not surprised, because she is only his half sister, and a great deal older than he is.

I fetch her one of the papers from the shop and beg her to read to herself just this once, as I am anxious to sew. And she takes it and turns it over to look at the date, as if she fancies I have brought her yesterday's news.

"Ninth of October! Is that to-day? Why, bless me, girls, this is your father's birthday!" she says, laying the paper down on her knee, and looking from me, at my sewing, to Lottie bending over her copy-book. "Dear, dear, he must be fifty-five to-day; and yet I remember the old farm before he was born."

It is so unusual for aunt Charlotte to speak gently to us that in a moment Lottie looks up from her copy and I from my work. Will she tell us something of that old time at home, of which we know so little? At first I think she will; but then quite suddenly she turns her eyes away from us, and fixes them upon the fire, just in her old heavy-hearted way. But I, dreading to see the old stiffness come back, question her softly, as I go on with my sewing.

"You mean when you were all living together, aunt Charlotte, in the Worcestershire farm?"

No answer; and without looking up, I see that Lottie goes back to her writing in despair. But I try again.

"The quarrel had not happened then; had it, aunt Charlotte?"

"How can a person quarrel before he is born?"

"Do you mean," I ask—and I know it to be a very bold question, though a quiet one—"that the man who so wickedly caused the mischief between father and his brother was not born then?"

I can feel aunt Charlotte's eyes upon me, very steady and very penetrating, and I am within an inch of succumbing and letting her silence us by silence, as she has done so many hundreds of times before. But something gives me unusual courage this afternoon, and I frankly and coaxingly meet her gaze, and beg her to tell us of that quarrel.

"There is nothing to tell, child," she says curtly, but not quite in her usual quenching way. "What can be told about a thing that no one ever understood? Nothing ever came between the two brothers till Christian Murray grew so thick with your uncle. I don't know what it was for. What is the use of asking me? Steven—your father—should have roused himself and found out. He would sleep through any mischief you chose to work him; so he deserves it. Why did he stand by, like a baby, and see this man weaning his elder brother's heart from him?"

"If my uncle had been true and honorable himself, he never could have been influenced in that way against his younger brother," I say hotly. But aunt Charlotte does not seem to hear me.

"Murray succeeded in everything he tried," she goes on heavily. "He persuaded your uncle to sell the old farm (which he, as eldest son, had power to do) and then go out with him to Australia—then, you see, when your uncle was abundantly supplied with money. And the coldness to Steven—above all, the injustice to him in taking the means of livelihood from him—was never explained. Those are the bare facts, and who can give you more? Men can be so utterly blind at times, else why would not Steven have guessed the lies Murray was telling of him, and the underhand dealings necessary for a villain to establish himself securely between two such good-hearted unsuspicious men? But he had determined to do it, and he had the cunning and craft necessary. I suppose a thoroughly unscrupulous man can make lies sound like truth, when he has won a certain hold upon you. This man must, at any rate, have done it, and your father's submissive, unsuspicious nature—as, of course, the knave knew—would ensure his success."

"Was my uncle not an unsuspicious man, too?" I ask; but aunt Charlotte laughs scornfully and harshly.

"Not he. If he had not been as great a liar as his friend he would not have been led by him. He," aunt Charlotte goes on a little contradicting, I fancy, her words a few minutes ago, "was not a baby in the ways of the world like your poor father."

"Father could never have been anything but good and gentle and generous, as he is now," I say, finding it hard to utter those few words steadily, when I think of my father's being left with no future, as it were, only able to fall into certain lines of life, for which he had no talent or fondness, however much he might try to make the best of them, and do his best in them.

"I dare say," returns aunt Charlotte, with ungracious brevity.

"It must have been a very wretched time, aunt Charlotte," I say, tempting her on to tell us more.

"Wretched? I should think so!" is her prompt response. "Wretched for us all; but doubly so for Steven. Yet soon after—being just set up here, and having, I declare, nothing certain to depend on—he must go and marry a girl who brought him literally not a farthing, who actually possessed nothing but a small trunk of clothes, and who soon became sickly enough to be a perpetual expense and trouble to him."

"Anxiety, you mean, aunt Charlotte—never trouble," I correct, in a firm way, that makes Lottie lift her eyes nervously to me. "You cannot use that word if you remember how dearly he loved her."

"That didn't make up the quarrel," was the pettish reply; "and since then there has been no hope for it. Christian Murray, out in Australia, is using for his own purposes his dupe's money, and using his dupe himself as he chooses, you may be very sure."

"Then uncle Adolphus is not dead?"

"I know nothing," snaps aunt Charlotte, "except that he cannot possibly be more dead to us than he has been for twenty years, while your father has steadily got poorer and poorer. Trust him! What else can you expect from him? He will be a poor man all his life!"

We do not argue this question, Lottie and I. It is too sore a one, as aunt Charlotte always puts it. So there falls a silence amongst us, while I just wonder a little how aunt Charlotte can always so utterly forget that from that very time she has been speaking of, twenty years ago, when she lost her home, too, she has shared father's, never being allowed to think it given in charity to her, and made much of by him always. But soon I turn from that memory to the thought of how intensely happy I know my father was—even in his poverty—with our mother.

"Jeanie!" It is a sudden whisper from Lottie, as she looks eagerly through the shop out into the street; and my eyes follow hers.

"Jeanie, it is a customer, I do believe. He first looked into the window, then up at the name over the door, and I am sure he will come in if you only wait a moment. Yes, Jeanie, look—he is coming into the shop!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FACETIÆ.

—A ship spar—Sailors fighting.

—Dissolving view—A melting sight.

—A "put up job."—Staying at a hotel.

—"Census returns."—Reviving from a faint.

—"Taking an account of stock"—Stealing certificates.

—The rabbit is a natural coward but in season it always dies game.

—The agriculturist and florist are not necessarily seedy looking men.

—"The Murphy Movement."—Throwing potatoes at a political speaker.

—The Hindoos are taking to cricket. Thus we see the Cricket is still on the 'earth.

—A common plan with some men to turn an old hat into a new one is to go to an evening party and leave early.

—In the railroad of marriage the clergyman is usually the "coupler," while the divorce judge is the "brakeman."

—Since the clamor for the "dollar of the daddies" has died out, it is probable that the clamorers, as usual, have fallen back on their "uncles."

—The hardship of a soldier's life cannot be properly appreciated until one gets down to "hard-tack," particularly carpet tack, and tries to live on it.

—Women should remember that the secret of immortal youth is not to get married. It will be observed that the unmarried female never grows any older.

—A thirsty individual excused himself because he had some buziness at a "dry" goods establishment lower down, and going over entered the sample-room by the side door.

—There are two hundred and forty bones in the human body, yet what man lives who has not thought, at least occasionally, a "rib" was still needed to complete his happiness?

—Persons who have been afterwards hanged were remarkable in earlier life for being able to walk up a church aisle with squeaky boots on without getting embarrassed or red in the face.

—There are many sounds so high that they are inaudible, and few people ever listen to an energetic player on the cymbals or bass drum without wishing the latter's were of the number.

—Many of those paragraphers who have no scruples about stealing the items of others, wear "paste" diamonds. The honest ones wear the real thing. Everybody knows they can afford it.

—There is no wife who will argue that it is not her duty to help keep the family pot boiling; and what can more conduce to this result than simply getting up in the morning and lighting the fire?

—Strangers very likely have wandered into editorial sanctums under the impression that they were drug stores, but the perfume of the conventional paste-pot certainly never caused the deception.

—City life is often, after all, healthy. Many a time have we seen young striplings leave the house in the shades of evening "to see a man," come home at midnight having meanwhile become "full" grown.

—The man who gets a lump of ice down his back, wonders at what it reminds him of, until he suddenly remembers the girl's nose whom he kissed winter nights at the front gate, after coming home from church.

—That "the wicked stand in slippery places" does not apply to the minister who looks round his parlor and observes the dozens of pairs given him as Christmas and New Year presents by his grateful flock.

—The force of a good many sayings depends upon their application. There are numbers of people to whom "Truth is stranger than fiction," merely by their persistent avoiding the first on all occasions.

—A woman who thinks says that the notoriety given to George Washington for the cherry-tree incident, is the result of his being the only one of his sex who ever acknowledged he was in the wrong in anything.

—Men generally must confess with some mortification that they start to keep a diary every new year and soon drop it, but this cannot be justly said of stationers and booksellers. They keep them almost always.

—Many a thoughtful farmer, as he reads of the abolition of future punishment, thinks less of its bearing on religious science, than its probable influence next summer on an increase in the raids on his orchard.

—Nature seldom puts us into any predicament unprovided with the means of extrication. He may be puzzled by the color, but an interested party can always tell water is not gin, by a proper use of his nose.

WHEN YOUR LIVER IS OUT OF ORDER use Dr. Jayne's Sanative Pills, and you will assist the biliary system in regaining a healthy condition, and get rid of many distressing symptoms.

DAWN.

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

The star o' the morn is whitest,
The bosom of dawn is brightest;
The dew is sown,
And the blossom blown
Wherein thou, my dear, delightest.

Hark! I have risen before thee,
That the spell of the day be o'er thee—
That the flush of my love
May fall from above,
And, mixed with the morn, adore thee.

Dark dreams must now forsake thee,
And the bliss of thy being take thee;
Let the beauty of morn
In thine eyes be born,
And the thought of me awake thee.

Come forth to hear thy praises,
Which the wakening world upraises;
Let thy hair be spun
With the gold o' the sun,
And thy feet be kissed by the daisies.

FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DORA THORNE," "WIFE IN NAME ONLY," "A BRIDE FROM THE SEA," ETC.

CHAPTER XXX.

It was wonderful how the expression of the beautiful face had changed during that quiet interview. She rose with the gayest, sweetest laugh he had ever heard from her lips.

"I am a Woman with a Mission," she said, "and I shall always think of myself with capital letters. Raoul, I cannot be grateful enough to you. When you first entered the house I felt as though Heaven had sent me a friend. If happiness comes to me through following your counsel, how shall I thank you?"

"I shall need no thanks, Hildred," he replied. "You are and have been, ever since I first saw you, the dearest object on earth to me. You are my dear sister, Ulric's wife. I have loved Ulric all my life—I could not help loving you."

"Now I am going to practice my first lesson in humility," she said. "Raoul, I wish that you could be in the room when I give my husband the mignonnette."

"That would spoil it all," he replied laughingly, "and he is so quick, so keen, he would find out at once that the little scene had been arranged between us."

"Then I must venture all by myself, I suppose," said Lady Caraven. "I feel as shy as—I cannot tell you what. Raoul, if he is cross or contemptuous I shall lose heart."

"No, you will not. Having once put your hand to the plough, you will not turn back. When your hope or your courage fails you, say to yourself, 'I have to win my husband's heart'—that will give you all your courage again."

She walked slowly down the path, Sir Raoul by her side. She looked round on the four high ivied walls.

"I have always loved this little pleasaunce," she said. "I shall love it better than ever now. It will seem almost like a church to me."

"Why like a church?" he asked with some amusement.

"Because one of the best sermons I have ever heard preached has been preached to me here," she replied. "I have learned a lesson here. I shall never see these high ivied walls or touch a crimson carnation without thinking of you, Raoul, and all that you have said."

Then he watched her as she went from one bed of mignonnette to another, looking eagerly for the choicest sprays, holding them up to him with wistful eager face and sweet pathetic eyes.

"Will this do, and this?" she asked as simply as a child. "Oh, Raoul, I hope he will not be angry—I hope he will be pleased! I shall tell you how I get on. I am nervous about it."

In another minute the beautiful face had disappeared, and Sir Raoul was left in the pleasaunce alone.

"A man might lay down his life for such a woman as that," he said, with what was almost a sigh.

* * * * * *

Lord Caraven stood in the billiard room at Ravensmere; he had been playing with one of his friends, who, having received a telegram, had gone to answer it. He stood alone, leaning carelessly against the open verandah, something more than his usual indifference darkening his face; he never liked interruptions during a game.

"A most unpropitious moment," thought the young Countess, as she caught sight of him; but, having given her word to Sir Raoul, she would have marched up to the mouth of a loaded cannon rather than have broken it.

Looking up, the Earl could not but confess that he had seldom seen a lovelier picture than his young wife at that moment presented, with a flush on her face, and her hands filled with sprays of fragrant mignonnette.

She would not reveal her hesitation, but went straight to him, smiling so that he little guessed how her heart beat. He raised his eyebrows as she drew nearer to him. What was going to happen? Before he had time to speak his face was buried in a soft, dewy mass of fragrant mignonnette.

"There!" said a laughing voice. "You said this morning that this was your favorite flower. I have been looking for the most fragrant sprays of it that I could find."

He could not believe the evidence of his senses; it was incredible that the laughing voice belonged to his cold proud wife—the girl who had swept imperiously from the room when he saw her last. He looked at her in amazement. She would not see the surprise on his face or make the least difference because of it.

"You have the very pick of the garden here," she said; "every spray has its own special beauty."

He roused himself, and tried to recover from the wondering stupor that had overcome him.

"You really remembered, Hildred, what I said?" he began, with a pleased look.

"Yes, and I think you showed good taste," she replied. "I know no flower lovelier than fragrant mignonnette."

"And you really think that I have good taste?" he said.

"Yes. Why should that surprise you?" she asked, with a smile.

His face flushed and his eyes drooped.

"I fancied," he said hurriedly, "that you considered me altogether graceless and without one redeeming quality."

"Indeed I do not," she replied earnestly, thinking of all that Sir Raoul had said in his favor. "That is a grand mistake of yours."

"There is one thing," he confessed, in a low voice—"I have shown the worst side of my character to you."

She felt frightened and inclined to run away.

"You will not lose my flowers or throw them away?" she said. And then she was startled, for his handsome indolent eyes were looking into hers with a new expression in their blue depths.

"Am I so wanting in chivalry and gallantry, Hildred?" he asked her. "I believe this is the first thing that you have ever given me of your own free will, is it not?"

"No," she replied quickly. "It is not."

"Ah, pardon me," he said, with a quick change of face and voice, "you gave me your fortune!"

There was a hot rebellion for one moment—hot, bitter rebellion. Then she remembered Sir Raoul's words. It was for her husband's good. She trampled down the hot impulse of angry pride—she stilled the bitter anger and contempt. Her victory over herself was so great that she was even surprised at it. She laid her hand on his arm.

"Nay, Lord Caraven," she said gently, "you are quite wrong. I was not thinking of money. Gold is dross—I despise it—I could almost hate it for the mischief that it makes. I was thinking of something very different from money—something that money could not buy."

He was looking at her with keen curiosity.

"Something that money could not buy," he repeated. "I declare that you puzzle me. I thought gold was omnipotent."

"I do not think so—I do not like it. Omnipotent? Why, Lord Caraven, all the wealth of the world could not buy happiness or love."

"No," he said quietly, "it could not; yet, Hildred, money has done something for me."

"I do not intend to depreciate it," she remarked, "but it is not omnipotent, and there are many things in this world of far higher value than money."

"It is true," he said thoughtfully.

She laughed again, and if he had known her better, he would have detected tears in the sound of that laugh.

"We are positively agreeing, Lord Caraven," she said.

He was looking at her with intense curiosity in his face.

"Hildred, what have you given me that money could not buy?"

The dark eyes gleamed softly.

"I will not tell you, Lord Caraven," she answered.

"But I must know. You have excited my curiosity—you must gratify it. You have enumerated three things that money cannot buy—happiness, virtue, love. It was none of these. Then what could it be?"

"I must go, Lord Caraven," she said, her face growing hot and her heart beating quickly. "If you weigh every word that I say, I shall have to be very careful."

"Hildred, tell me what you mean?" he requested. "What have you given me?"

"I will tell you," she replied laughingly, "when you have counted all those tiny leaves on the mignonnette."

She turned to go, but he put out his hand to detain her. She eluded him, and, with a light laugh, disappeared, leaving him by the verandah alone.

CHAPTER XXXI.

"You look astonished at something," said Lord Caraven's friend to him when he returned to resume their game at billiards.

"Yes," replied the Earl—"I have been enjoying a novel sensation."

"What is that?" asked his friend.

"I am not quite sure," was the laughing reply—"I should not like to be too certain of it—but I believe that I have been flirting with my own wife."

The young Countess had hastened smilingly away after presenting him with the sprays of mignonnette. If that was the result of a few kind words, she said to herself that she would often say them. Sir Raoul saw her smiling and blushing, with a glad light in her eyes.

"Well," he said, "what success, Hildred?"

"The best in the world," she replied; and her pleasure was increased at dinner time when she saw that Lord Caraven wore some of the mignonnette in his button-hole.

She had tried hard to keep strict watch and guard over herself. When she found herself relapsing into her old *hauteur* and proud silence, she roused herself. She who had always passed by her husband with lofty unconcern, who had never deigned to make the least reply to any remark of his, now studied little speeches that she could make to him; she asked his opinion; she smiled at his jests. People looked at each other in quiet wonder. Had they, after all, made any mistake about their host and hostess?

Lord Caraven was fond of music; he had a rich, ringing tenor voice which as a rule he was too indolent to use. He would troll out a verse of a love ditty, or the chorus of a drinking-song, in a fashion that made one long to hear the rest. In the evening Sir Raoul asked him to sing.

"It is too much trouble," said the handsome Earl. "Why should I exert myself to sing when other people can do it so much better for me?"

"That is an idle excuse," returned Sir Raoul. "Lady Caraven, persuade your husband to sing; he has a voice almost as rich and clear as Mario's, but he will never use it."

She came over to him. He looked at his beautiful young wife in all the shimmer of satin and gleam of pearls; he gazed earnestly into the beautiful face.

"Do sing, Lord Caraven," she said. "You owe me something for my flowers this morning."

"Do you really wish me to sing, Hildred?" he asked.

"I do indeed," she answered.

"Then you shall be obeyed. Will you have an old-fashioned English ballad, or a Scotch one? No French or Italian for me. I like good hearty words."

He sang one of the prettiest English songs—"Good-bye, sweetheart, good-bye"—sang it with such sweetness, such pathos, that his listeners were almost moved to tears.

"I could not leave thee, though I said,
'Good-bye, sweetheart, good-bye.'"

As the last words passed his lips he caught a glimpse of his wife's face. What did it express? He stopped suddenly. Sir Raoul rallied him, begging of him to finish.

"Let us have the last verse," said he; but the Earl turned quickly to him.

"Not another word, Raoul," he answered; "I can sing no more. I have seen a ghost."

"A ghost!" cried Sir Raoul. "The ghost of what?"

"I am not quite sure," replied the Earl, "but I think it was the ghost of what might have been." And Sir Raoul said no more.

* * * * * * *

Guests and friends began to ask themselves could they be mistaken—could they have misunderstood? The cold gloom was leaving the young wife's face; the husband ceased his covert sneers and hard words; the two exchanged laughing jests and smiles. If ever by chance she for one moment forgot her *rôle*, he forgot his; if by any chance she relapsed into her cold, frozen manner, he changed as though by magic. She saw plainly enough now that all depended on herself.

She studied how to please him. For instance, there was nothing that pleased Lord Caraven more than finding his newspaper cut and aired for him to read in the morning; he disliked having to cut it himself or to air it. She had always been loftily indifferent, thinking to herself that his indolence must not even be encouraged. Now she thought differently; the newspaper was cut and aired and laid ready for him.

"Hildred," he said, "is it to you that I am indebted every morning for my cut newspaper?"

"It is a great pleasure to get it ready for you," she replied with a charming smile.

He was deeply touched by this simple act of attention. After all there was something very amicable about the money lender's daughter.

From that day Lord Caraven never opened his newspaper without a kindly thought of his wife.

It was perhaps but a small beginning, this changing of sneers into smiles, but it was something gained. Both husband and wife were alike in one respect, they had a keen sense of humor. The Earl had more of this sense than his young wife, and it was a wonderful bond of union between them. There were times when there were no need for words, when a glance was quite sufficient, and Lord Caraven began to look into the beautiful dark eyes for the secret sympathy that no one else gave him. He began to do what he had never even thought of before—converse with her. If time hung heavily on his hands, if he tired of billiards, or there was no one at hand to play with him, it came to him with a sense of relief that he could go and chat with Hildred.

She grew accustomed to see him looking at her from the door of her room with an air of apology on his handsome face.

"May I come in for half an hour, Hildred?" he would ask, and then she would put away her books, or her easel, or whatever she was engaged upon, and devote herself to him. If he were told some merry story, her quick laughing sympathy was the first thing he sought. If he heard any clever repartee or play upon words, the first thing he thought of was to repeat it to Hildred.

All this was so much gained—yet it seemed to her very little. Sir Raoul asked her one morning how she was progressing. She turned her beautiful face to him and it seemed to him there was a tired look upon it.

"I can hardly tell you, Raoul," she replied. "I have done my best. I have thought of him and studied him, and the utmost that I can say is that he has learned to associate with me all his amusements. That is not a very high or elevated state of things, is it?"

"I term it beginning at the very foundation, Hildred," he answered, looking at the wistful face. "If he commences by associating with you his amusements, he will end by making you share in all that interests him."

The dark eyes brightened.

"I think," said Sir Raoul, "that you have made wonderful progress. All the coldness and constraint, the terrible distance between you that made every one uncomfortable, has disappeared. Your husband's face brightens now when you enter a room; when you leave it, he watches you regretfully. You have gained much, Hildred. It is a long struggle, this battle for a man's heart, but you will win in the end."

"Still," she remarked, half wearily, "I am a long way from the grand purpose I had in view. There is nothing heroic in being able to make your husband laugh, in sympathizing with a comical story, in helping to amuse him so that the time may pass more quickly."

"Yes," opposed Sir Raoul, "there is something heroic in it. It is the first step. When you have thoroughly identified yourself with his amusements, you can begin to influence Ulric for better things. Try to rouse him from his indolence, try to make him care less for amusements and take greater interest in his duties. Rouse his soul from its long sleep, and the awakening will soon follow. I am quite certain that his faults are rather those of training and education than of nature."

It was easy to counsel all this, but how was it to be done? Perhaps, if she began what he would call "preaching" to him, Ulric would grow angry, and then lost, angry and bitter words might follow. Her undertaking would require infinite grace, infinite tact—and that, she said to herself, it should have.

The evening of that same day was a lovely one, fine, warm and brilliant; the sun seemed unwilling to set, the flowers unwilling to sleep. It was so warm and beautiful that the whole party of guests declared it was almost treason to remain indoors.

Hildred looked up with laughing eyes at her husband.

"You are going to sentimentalize amongst the flowers, Lord Caraven, I suppose? I hope you will choose a pleasant companion."

It was not in human nature—at least in man's nature—to resist the fire of those dark eyes.

"Will you accompany me?" he replied. "I shall be sure then of a nice companion."

"Is there anyone whom you would like better?" she asked coquettishly.

"No—on my honor there is not," said the Earl hastily; "you are the most amusing companion I can find here."

"I am grateful for small favors," returned Hildred.

So they walked together through the long winding paths. He did not offer her his arm, nor did she seem to notice it. They laughed, talked, jested, but between them there was none of the familiarity which should be between husband and wife. Once her dress caught amongst the tangled branches of a rose tree that had overgrown its limits, and the Earl stooped down to remove it. His wife drew herself quickly away—so quickly that the jewels she wore seemed to quiver in the light. Her face flushed hotly.

"Thank you," she said briefly.

The Earl looked at her in comic surprise.

"What are you blushing for, Hildred? What is the matter? What have I done?"

"Nothing," she replied briefly—"these narrow paths are so very awkward."

"Then we will go into the broader ones. But, Hildred, pray do not waste all that lovely color in a blush for nothing. I know people who would give a small fortune for such a bloom."

"They are welcome to it," said the young Countess.

"I do not say so. Upon my word it is a revelation. I did not think that in these degenerate days any one could blush after that fashion."

She was half inclined to be angry; the remembrance of Sir Raoul's words alone checked her. She must be more patient, she told herself; yet more rigidly she must control her own nature, with its hot rebellions, its sudden risings of anger. The flush faded from her face—she turned to him with a smile.

"I ought to be gratified that you value my blushes so highly," she said; and she saw that he was pleased.

More than one strange thought came to her as she walked by his side. How strange it was, this law of Providence and of nature that men should be superior, that women must watch their faces, humor their tempers, pave the way, as it were, for them through life, yet always be accounted as inferior! Why was it, she wondered, that the faults of men—even of boys—were generally excused on account of their sex? "Men will be men, boys will be boys," seemed to be a universal argument. Why should she walk by this man's side, studying his humors and fancies, watching his face to see that it did not cloud over, using her bright wit and brilliant fancy to amuse him? Only because she was a woman. She was his wife, therefore she had to win him.

"What are you thinking about so intently, Hildred?" asked Lord Caraven.

She looked at him brightly.

"I will tell you. I was thinking about you. You have a keen eye for all natural beauties, Lord Caraven—a mind that if it were not obscured by indolence would be artistic."

He glanced at her again, something of amusement struggling with his impatience.

"Obscured by indolence, Hildred? That is a strong expression."

"It is strong, but it is true. See how you admire this sunset scene; there is not one of its beautiful details which escapes you—the color of the skies, the hue of the flowers, the glimmering sunlight as it falls over the trees. I will tell you of a sight more beautiful still—that is sunrise. Why do you never see that?"

"See the sun rise!" he cried. "I have not even thought of such a thing for years."

"Suppose you do so now," she suggested. "I always think the fairest, freshest, sweetest hours of the day are the early morning hours; you who seldom rise until noon can hardly imagine what they are like."

He looked half-doubtfully at her, as though wondering whether she was attempting to lecture him; but she met his look with clear, laughing eyes.

"I challenge you," she said, "to rise every morning this week—not to see the day dawn, but to enjoy the first freshness of the lovely morning air."

"I accept the challenge," he replied; "you shall see that I am capable of making an effort when I choose."

She thought that was enough for once, and she waited with some curiosity to see the results of her endeavor. He was down the next morning when she took her seat at the breakfast table, looking better than she had seen him look for some time.

"I have made the effort," he said.

"Did it cost you much?" asked the young Countess.

"I felt as though night were turned into day, or something of that kind. Seriously, Hildred, I thank you for calling my attention to the fact that I waste hours every morning in perfect idleness. I mean to cure myself of the habit; such waste shall not occur again."

It was another victory, but a small one. Yet, as she said to herself, all these, small as they were, would gradually amount to one worth winning in time.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FEMININITIES.

Gail Hamilton announces herself opposed to woman's suffrage.

J. Grey Swisshelm says the Vassar College girls are "principally fools."

He who loves a lady's complexion, form, and features, loves not her true self, but her soul's old clothes.

A Parisian definition of a beautiful woman—the paradise of the eye and the purgatory of the purse.

The appointment of women to keep post offices has had one good effect. Married men do not write so many letters to girls.

These young ladies at fairs who sell five-cent pin-cushions for three dollars ought to be arrested for robbing the males.

When a woman smiles at an affront, one or two things is certain. She has either lost modesty, or she is assured of her revenge.

New England maidens of business-like habits tack encouraging sentiments like this over the parlor door: "Loafing is not loving."

If you wish to cure a scolding wife, never fail to laugh at her with all your might until she ceases—then kiss her. Sure cure.

A lady being asked to join a union of the "Daughters of Temperance," replied, "It is unnecessary, as I intend to join one of the sons soon." Sensible lady that.

When Jemima went to school she was asked why the noun "bachelor" was singular?—"Because," she replied, "it is so very singular that they don't get married."

Old Mrs. Pritchard, of Newport, says that when she was a girl a man could drive three yoke of oxen with less fuss than one of 'em makes in putting the shoes on a baby now a days.

We are curious to know how many feet in female arithmetic go to a mile, because we never met with a lady yet whose boots were not, to say the very least, a mile too big for her.

A young lady of Williams, Iowa, wishing to return a young gentleman his ring, attached a tag with his name thereon, and dropped it in the post office. On the back of the tag was written, "I hate to but I must."

American ladies, in the best society, spend from five to ten times as much as English ladies of corresponding social grade. On the other hand an English gentleman spends twice as much as an American on his own apparel.

Scientists have so far failed to discover why it is that a woman is never so happy as when she stands at the window during the shower, watching her husband trying to get the rain barrel under the spout, and taking upon herself to boss the job.

When a man is in love with one woman in a family, it is astonishing how fond he becomes of every one connected with it. He beats time when the darling little Fanny performs her piece on the piano, and smiles when wicked little Robby upsets the coffee on his shirt.

The mastery of a pure mind over human prejudices and passions is never so well exemplified as in the play of contending emotions that swept over the face of a young lady at church, when she looks on the same hymn book with a man who has been eating onions.

BOOK OF ORIGINS.

ORIGIN OF PHRASES—THE ETYMOLOGY OF WORDS—REMARKABLE OLD SAYINGS—QUAINT EXPRESSIONS PECULIAR TO ALL AGES AND NATIONS.

BY JAMES REES.

"In primus hominis est propria
Veri inquisitio atque investigatio."
—CICERO.

"The searching out and thorough investigation of truth, is the first, the primary study of man."

T.

[CONTINUED.]

TYBURN—ORIGIN OF THE WORD.

The origin of Tyburn is as old as the year 1128. Before that time the place of public execution was in Rotten Row, Old street. The etymology of the word Tyburn, some will have it, proceeds from the word tye and burn, in allusion to the old method of executing traitors at that place. Others think it took its name from a small river, or brook, once running near it, and called by the Romans Tybourne. Whether the first or the last is the origin from whence it derived its name, we know not, but are of the opinion it is the former.

This late place of execution, according to Pennant, was called in the time of Edward the Third, when the gentle Mortimer finished his days here, the Elms; but the original, as well as the present name, was Tyburne; not from tye and burn, as if it were called so from the manner of capital punishment; but from bourne, the Saxon word for a brook, and Tye, the name of that brook; which joined, gave name to a manor before the conquest.

V.

VALENTINE'S DAY.

Twas on the morn of Valentine, when birds begin to prate,
Dame Durdon's serving maids and men did each betake a mate.
There was Moll and Bet, and Doll and Tet, and Dorothy Draggletail,
And Kate, who was a charming girl to carry the milking pail.
(Old song, entitled "Dame Durdon.")
—SHAKESPEARE.

Valentine was a pope or bishop of Rome, who lived in the ninth century, and on this day established an annual custom of the poorer clergy drawing patrons by lots for the commenced year; and these patrons or benefactors were called Valentines. After his death he was canonized for a saint, and his feast day kept on the fourteenth day of February, which was thought to be his birthday. He was beheaded under Claudius II, A. D. 271. John Gordon, in his "Memoirs and Account of the Popes," says that "Valentine died 40 days after his consecration or installment, being choked to death by a fish bone."

We are inclined to think this is an error, as we have it recorded in the church calendars that "St. Valentine was a priest of Rome, who, after enduring a cruel imprisonment, was beaten with clubs, and then beheaded by Claudius."

The custom of choosing Valentines is of long standing, and as early as the fifteenth century it was practised in England.

The custom in Britain evidently appears to have been copied by the laity from the clergy, in the days of popery; and is a very ancient custom, being of almost a thousand years' standing. The birds, too, are supposed to choose their mates, and pair on this day, which, no doubt, is an additional reason to our youth of both sexes who are approaching maturity, to write their verses, and with much ingenuity ply scissors, pen and pencil, in honor of their selected or allotted lovers.

Like many other observances, it is no more than an analogy to a custom that prevailed when Paganism flourished.

At the festival of the Roman Lupercalia, amidst other ceremonies it was usual to put the names of a number of young women into a box, from which they were drawn by the men, as chance directed. The pastors of the early Christian church, who endeavored to eradicate the vestiges of pagan superstition, substituted the names of particular saints in lieu of the women; and as the festival of the Lupercalia used to take place about the middle of February, they chose St. Valentine's day for celebrating the new feast.

Many antiquaries have endeavored in vain to unravel the origin and mystery of Valentine Day, but their labors have hitherto been in vain; if discovered, it would likely enough be as unmeaning as the source from whence so many of our old customs have sprung, and not worth the labor wasted. Our ancestors were pretty close observers of nature, and there is but little doubt that, as they noticed the birds, which first begin to pair and build at this period, when the weather is favorable, so natural an occurrence might lead to youths and maidens imitating the custom by selecting lovers, glad of any amusement after the dark mid-winter had passed, and that Valentine Day had no other origin. As far back as we have been enabled to trace this love-making day, we find it linked with the mating of birds; which seems inseparable from St. Valentine; and we are at a loss to imagine how the worthy bishop, whose name is associated with it, first fell into such company.

The earliest valentines were nothing more than slips of paper, on which the names of both sexes were written; they were placed apart, the men drawing from the pile on which the women's names were endorsed, and they again taking the first they touched from the opposite heap. The names were worn for a number of days—some times inside the coat, waistcoat, or bodice—some times only on the sleeve, just as the feigned or real lover intended to express his passion; and there is no doubt but that such a game began in jest, ended at times in earnest, and that by this means many of our forefathers won their fair brides.

Even in our own day, (and in the country the harmless superstition still exists,) the first maiden we met on this auspicious morning was considered our valentine, and as such was hailed; and no little trouble do the rustic lovers put themselves to occasionally, to meet the one on whom their choice has before been fixed. We can remember ourselves, in the hey-day of youth, being foolish enough to walk two miles in the snow and darkness, and waiting until the cottage door opened, to claim a cherry-cheeked farmer's daughter for our valentine. Too poor, perhaps, to purchase the printed epistle, with Cupid's altar, heart and doves, we presented the original, and thereby saved both paper and postage. Gay, in his "Shepherd's Week," thus describes this old superstition:

"Last Valentine, the day when birds of kind,
Their paramours with mutual chirpings find,
I early rose, just at the break of day,
Before the sun had chased the stars away.

A-field I went, amid the morning dew,
To milk my kine, (for so should housewives do,)
Thee first I spied, and the first swain we see,
In spite of fortune shall our true love be."

Another picture which we have seen of Valentine Day, would have looked well in the miniature painting of a Wilkie. The fond old mother with her spectacles off reading the valentine to her husband, who smiled as he listened attentively to every line, which said—

The rose is red, the violet's blue,
Carnation's sweet, and so are you.
The ring is round and has no end,
So is my love to Mary, my friend.
First we cast lots, and then we drew,
Kind fortune said it must be you.

While the pretty daughter, to whom these old fashioned lines were directed, sat with her hands clasped together on her knees, looking thoughtfully in the fire and wondering to herself whether or not William really meant what he had written, and if he loved her truly as much as he pretended to do.

We have in our possession, framed and glazed, a valentine, which we sent to the dear old lady we well knew, more than half a century ago. It must have taken many hours to have cut out the hearts and diamonds in scissor work, and painted the border which surrounds the [illegible] gentleman, who is standing under a tree and pointing to his ship. Both Chaucer and Lydgate make mention of Valentine Day, for the "Morning Star of Poetry," says:

"Blessed be Saint Valentine,
For on his day I chose you to be mine—
Without penetrating my heart sweet,"

—penned that five hundred years ago it was celebrated in England.

With us the day is marked by one single feature only, and that is the sending of valentines. Many of these are very valuable, consisting, in some instances, of a gold watch, a costly jewel, or a handsomely bound book; while others, again, are scarcely worth the trouble of putting up, or price of postage. As all these Saint days have their superstitions, youth as well as old age look to them as a respite from the cares and anxieties of life, and find both pleasure and amusement in participating in their rites, ceremonies, and, we are almost tempted to say, follies.

—JAMES REES.

SALE OF A BOOK.

In the year 1272, the wages of a laboring man were less than four cents a day, while the price of a Bible was one hundred and eighty dollars. A common laborer in those days must toil on industriously for thirteen long years, if he would possess a copy of the word of God! Now the earnings of a half day will pay the cost of a beautifully printed copy of the sacred oracles! What an illustration of the power of the press!

VAULTING AMBITION.

This popular phrase can be traced directly to Shakespeare,—Macbeth, Act I, Sc. 7.

VEGETABLES, ORIGIN OF.

Turnips and carrots are thought indigenous parts of France. Our cauliflowers came from Cyprus; our artichokes from Sicily; lettuce from Cos, a name corrupted into *Gauze*; shallots, or eschallots, from Ascalon.

I have been reading on the subject, and was struck with the numerous ideas on commerce and civilization, which may arise from a dinner. Will you have a dessert from memory? The cherry and filbert are from Pontus, the citron from Media, the chestnut from Castana in Asia Minor, the peach and the walnut from Persia, the plum from Syria, the pomegranate from Cyprus, the quince from Cydon, the olive and fig from Greece, as are the best apples and pears, though also found wild in France, and even here. The apricot is from Armenia.

VEIL, ORIGIN OF.

The origin of the veil is referred by the Greeks to modesty and bashfulness, properties which partake equally of timidity. Tory used to tell a pleasant story on the subject, for which we are indebted to Pausanius. About thirty furlongs from the city of Sparta, Icarius placed a statue of Modesty, for the purpose of perpetuating the following incident. "Icarius having married his daughter to Ulysses, solicited his son-in-law to fix his household in Sparta, and remain there with his wife, to which Ulysses would not consent. Frustrated in his application to the husband, he made the like request to his daughter, conjuring her not to abandon him; but, seeing her ready to depart with Ulysses for Ithaca, he redoubled his efforts to retain her, nor could he be prevailed upon to desist from following the chariot on the way. Ulysses, shocked at the desperate situation of his father-in-law, and wearied with his importunities, addressed his wife: 'You can answer this request; it is yours to determine whether you will remain with your father at Sparta, or depart with your husband for Ithaca; you are mistress of the decision.' The beautiful Penelope, finding herself in this dilemma, blushed, and, without making the least reply, drew the veil over her face, thereby intimating a denial of her father's request, and sunk in the arms of her husband. Icarius, very sensibly affected by this behavior, and being desirous of transmitting it, consecrated a statue of Modesty on the very spot where Penelope had thrown the veil over her face, that, after her, it might be a universal symbol of delicacy with the fair sex."

VERMILLION EDICT.

This is an edict issued by the Emperor of China, written on vermillion colored paper. It is termed "Vermillion edict," from the fact that while other edicts can be reconsidered, there is no appeal from this one. It is final, although involving the whole nation in bloodshed.

Edicts, properly speaking, cannot exist in Great Britain, because the enacting of laws is lodged in the Parliament, and not in the King. China is, perhaps, the only country where such a wonderful instrument could be issued. Hence, the use of the term "Vermillion edict," being as despotic in its power as is the government that issued it.

VICE.

This was the buffoon in the old moralities, or moral plays, and other dramas, who was grotesquely dressed in a cap with asses' ears, a long coat and a dagger of lath, and whose chief employment was to make sport with another buffoon called the Devil, leaping on his back and belaboring him with his dagger till he made him roar; called sometimes Iniquity.

The harpers of old had among them, one of their order, who was called Gleeman. In the old miracle plays, in after years, he was denominated Vice. Subsequently, in stage plays he was called the Clown, and when to this species of the drama the puppet show succeeded, he was denominated Merry Andrew.

VIGILS, OR EVES.

In the primitive times, it was the custom to pass great part of the nights which precede certain holidays in religious exercises; and these exercises, from being performed in the night, were called *vigiliæ*, vigils, or watchings.

VIRTUE OF GOLD.

"It is Gold by whose virtue Life was implanted with the Tree of Life. The first entity or sperm of gold being united with the vegetable nature."—Tentzelius.

As man is born in sin, the phrase "Gold is the root of all evil," is here fully sustained.

VOLUME.

The Romans commonly wrote only on one side of the paper or parchment, and always joined one sheet to the end of another till they finished what they had to write, and then rolled it up on a cylinder or staff; hence volumen, a volume or scroll, from the verb volvo, to roll.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SHOOTING THE BUFFALO.—The town of Griffin is the rendezvous of the Texas buffalo hunters. Men who make it a business do not pursue the animal as do sportsmen. They use the needle gun with telescopic sight, and the firing is done by one or two men only, who usually kill a drove of forty or fifty buffalo on one or two acres of ground. As soon as one is killed the whole herd, smelling the blood, collect around the dead body, snuffing and pawing. The hunters continue to shoot them until the last one bites the dust. As long as the men remain concealed and the buffalo do not get their scent the game is not frightened, for it pays no attention to the report of the weapon.

THE ORPHANS.

BY AUNT SUSAN.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.]

Sara had been absent from home all the afternoon, and returned just as the bell was ringing for supper. She hurried to her chamber to lay aside her wraps, in order to make herself ready for the table, after which she proceeded, smiling, to the dining-room—taking her accustomed seat.

The board was brilliant with cut glass and shining silver, and a tempting array of delicately-prepared dishes was spread upon it. Sara had been walking, and had brought home a keen appetite. Therefore, while busily discussing her well filled plate, she did not at first observe that an unwonted silence reigned over the assembled family. Looking around in surprise, she saw that the chair always occupied by Fritz was empty. A cold shudder crept over her, as she felt certain that something unpleasant must have occurred; and, unable to bear this suspense, she immediately asked why he was not at the table.

At the sound of Sara's voice, Mrs. Somers busied herself with the coffee urn, and Katie hung down her head, playing with her cup and spoon, while a crimson flush spread itself over her countenance. Russell was the only one who essayed to break the silence, but he received a check from a motion of his father's hand, who himself answered the question by saying:

"You had better attend to your supper at present, Sara. After that you can make your inquiries of Fritz himself."

But Sara's appetite was gone, and she could eat nothing more. Her uncle's stern voice chilled her. She sat quietly, however, until the family had finished their repast, but, as soon as she found herself at liberty, she ran quickly up to her brother's room, expecting, of course, to find him there. She paused, tapping at the door, as was her custom, but hearing no invitation to enter, she became alarmed, and, without farther delay, rushed in.

"Fritz!" she called out in a low voice, "Fritz! Brother, are you here?"

Receiving no answer, she felt her way to the mantel, where she procured a match, and, striking it in her hurry, untidily, against the wall, she lighted the gas, and, looking anxiously about, was surprised to find herself the only person present. Where then was her brother? She looked in the closet, hoping to find his cap and overcoat undisturbed, but they were gone. A faintness came over her, and she sank into a chair, too weak to support herself, but the next moment she started quickly up, as a light footstep approached, expecting to see Fritz as the door opened. It was only Katie who appeared.

"Excuse me for intruding on you, Sara dear," she said. "I knew you were here alone, and I could not stay away from you. Come, let us go to our own room. It is warm and cosy there, and we will talk all this matter over."

"Tell me where my brother is? What has he been doing? I can't understand it, Katie."

"Well then, come with me, and you shall understand it all; but I will not tell you here. See, you are shivering with the cold as well as I. I would not worry so if I were you," Katie continued, when she had seated Sara in a chair soft and warm with cushions, while she rested her own slender self on a stool at her cousin's feet. "You know all boys have difficulties at times, and you ought not to expect that Fritz will always escape them. I'm sure it must be all a mistake about the money. It will be explained to papa's satisfaction, and——"

Sara rose quickly to her feet.

"The money, did you say? What do you mean about the money?"

"Oh! now you are going to worry yourself into a fever, and all about nothing, too. Papa would willingly forgive Fritz the whole offence, even if he was guilty, if——"

"Guilty? Guilty of what? Tell me at once of what my brother is accused?" Sara cried, with such a strange look in her eyes that Katie was frightened, and thought it would be best to tell the whole story at once.

Sara listened quietly to the recital, from time to time making some little exclamation, as "poor boy!" "dear brother!" with clasped hands and tears starting in her eyes. When Katie told her of the pretty dress Fritz had bought for her, she sobbed out, "Dear, dear brother! to do so much for me!" But when she understood that Fritz was accused of stealing the money to buy it with, she cried out in a loud voice, so different from her own, that Katie could hardly believe it was Sara's. "My brother a thief! It is an infamous lie, whoever dares to say it!" And, turning quickly to the wardrobe, she took therefrom a hat and cloak, and saying, "I must find my brother at once," hurriedly put them on.

Katie looked at her with intense astonishment.

"Where are you going?" she cried. "Surely you will not go out in the street by yourself at this hour! Don't you see how it is raining? You will be drenched to the skin. Sara, you must not, you shall not go out of the house to-night."

But Sara wrapped the cloak more closely about her, and, taking an umbrella in her hand, was going to the door, when Katie threw herself upon her, and clung to her with all her might. With a strong effort, Sara loosened her grasp, saying:

"If you love me, Katie, do not molest me, for I will go to Fritz, and no one shall prevent me."

With a quick step she fled down the stairs, followed by the cries of Katie, which brought the alarmed family to the hall just as Sara had succeeded in making her escape into the street. Russell clapped his hands together and laughed outright as the door closed.

"I told you so," he cried out at the top of his voice. "Sara is just as bad as Fritz. No doubt they have planned all this mischief between them, and a pretty story will be in circulation about the town! Your party will come off, Sis, in the midst of the glorious celebrity we shall enjoy from the flight of our amiable cousins!"

"Be quiet, sir!" ejaculated Mr. Somers, with an impatient stamp of his foot. Then, turning towards his wife, he thus addressed her:

"This is a pretty piece of work, Harriet. Sara, poor girl, should have been guarded from so much excitement. I do not believe Fritz took the money; fool that I was to be driven to accuse him of such a deed. The poor children have not a friend in the whole city to whom they can go this inclement night. I will——"

"Don't you believe it, papa," interrupted Russell. "Fritz has plenty of friends; more by half than I have. By this time he is snug in Mr. Staunton's parlor, recounting all his wrongs to him, and Sara will soon be there to confirm all he says. Ha! ha! I don't know when I have been so much amused."

"It may be amusement to you, you unfeeling boy," sobbed Katie, "but I am going this minute to find them. Poor Sara! Poor Fritz! It is much more likely that you took the money than they!"

"Thank you, thank you, dear sister, for your——"

"Cease, children," said Mrs. Somers. "Katie, lay aside your hat and sack, and ring for William. Philip, take Russell and go to the library. This affair comes under my jurisdiction."

The indignation that was burning in the bosom of Fritz after he had left his uncle's house, hurried him on until he stood on the steps in front of Mr. Staunton's residence. There he paused, with his hand on the bell, wondering if he was doing right to seek the presence of that gentleman, suffering as he was under the smart of his uncle's implied accusation. Would he be able to relate, impartially, all that had occurred? While he hesitated, a carriage drove up to the door, and Mr. Staunton himself alighted from it, coming up the steps, supported on the arm of his servant. He appeared somewhat surprised to find Fritz standing there, but hurried him in, out of the storm, to his warm fireside, where, comfortably seated, they were in a short time served with a nicely-prepared supper, which was very acceptable to the hungry boy.

Fritz had become quite composed by the time the meal was over. Mr. Staunton, rejoicing in the boy's presence, had been relating to him some of his adventures in South America, during their repast, and Fritz (his thoughts having been for a time diverted from the trial he had so lately undergone) felt that he could now relate with calmness the story of the wrong his uncle had done him.

Mr. Staunton listened, with a glowing face, until Fritz had ceased speaking, when his resentment broke forth in the most bitter words.

"The unprincipled scoundrel! the miserable coward!" he exclaimed. "How dare he offer his sister's son so gross an outrage!"

Fritz had scarcely time to wonder at the storm his story had created, when John appeared, to announce a visitor, and Sara immediately entered the room. Her cloak, wet with the falling rain, hung in clinging folds around her. She was weary with her long walk through the dark streets, and, now that she had arrived at her destination, her strength was entirely exhausted.

"Dear child!" cried Mr. Staunton, as he removed her wet wraps and placed her in a warm, soft chair. "Dear little Sara!" He sat down beside her and held a glass of wine to her pale lips.

"Katie told me all the cruel story, and I knew I should find you here, brother," sobbed the half-fainting girl.

"Did they send no one with you? Did you come all the way alone?" asked Fritz, as an angry flush gathered upon his face.

Before Sara could answer, a loud ring of the door-bell sounded through the house, and John came in, bearing in his hand a card for Mr. Staunton. After glancing at it, that gentleman said:

"Your uncle Somers is here, Fritz. Shall we see him?"

"As you please, sir."

"Then, before we admit him to our presence, I have a disclosure to make to you. Come, sit down beside me and listen. When I was a young fellow, with hair like yours, boy, the people called me, too, Fritz Ogden. Ah! you know me now!" he cried, as the children rushed into his arms. "Well, well, your old uncle has come back from his wanderings to find none left of all his heart's treasures but a boy and girl—his brother's orphan children. Sara, this stormy night brought you and Fritz home. I came here to find you, purchased this house for you to live in, and should have claimed you at once, but after our accidental meeting, Fritz, I felt anxious to study your character before I made myself known to you. This little girl," he continued, as he pressed Sara to his bosom in a warm embrace, "carries in her face a charm that is very dear to me in the perfect likeness she bears to her mother. We will make one family now, and you, my little niece, shall be our young housekeeper. Now shall we see Mr. Somers?"

The children were too deeply agitated to answer.

"Come, come; this will never do," said Mr. Ogden. "Dry your tears, Sara, and Fritz compose yourself, while John brings in your uncle."

Mr. Somers uttered an exclamation of surprise, as his eyes rested on Mr. Ogden; and, while he warmly grasped his hand, he remarked: "I expected to have met a very different man. Where, then, is Mr. Staunton?"

"Ah! you must excuse the little deception, Mr. Somers. I could not give you my name, and, at the same time, conceal it from this young rogue, as I desired to do."

"I have come to you, Fritz," said Mr. Somers, turning to the boy as he spoke, "to ask your pardon for my unjust suspicion of you. You had hardly left the house before I felt convinced of your innocence, and, making another search, I discovered that I had mistaken the place in which I had put the money. Touching, by chance, a secret spring, a drawer came open, and the treasure was found. I would not, for fifty times the amount, have had this unpleasant thing happen. Will you forgive me, Fritz, and come home again? The carriage is waiting for us at the door, and the family will all be in distress until you return."

Fritz smiled as Mr. Somers took his hand.

"I am very glad you have found the money," he answered, "and shall feel satisfied if your confidence in me is restored."

"And now, Mr. Somers," said Mr. Ogden, "I want to say something about myself. I am an old man, alone in the world, except for the children. I must have them for my very own, to live with me while I live, and to inherit my fortune when I die. They will return with you to-night, and to-morrow I will call on you and satisfy you that I am able to protect them."

The children returned with Mr. Somers, and were affectionately received by Mrs. Somers and Katie. Even Russell, on hearing the news of Mr. Ogden's arrival, and of his intended adoption of the twins, said, "I congratulate you, Fritz," with a warm shake of the hand.

Katie's birthday party, at the particular request of Mr. Ogden, was given at his house. The guests were attired most becomingly, and Katie wore her handsome blue dress, with the point lace and pearls. But Sara, arrayed in her blossom-colored silk, her face beaming with happiness, far outshone them all. Her manners were so genial and lady-like, her songs so enchantingly sung, and her pieces of music so beautifully played, that Fritz thought, as he followed her with his eyes, that there never was anyone so lovely. And as, during the evening, he happened to be in close proximity to Russell, he could not withstand the temptation of whispering in his ear: "Who is the handsomest girl in the room to-night? Is my sister looking, now, as if she had borrowed her dress from the chambermaid, and the kitchen girl had helped her put it on?"

[THE END.]

GRAINS OF GOLD.

FALSE delicacy is affectation, not politeness.

MAN doubles his evils by brooding upon them.

THERE are few voices in the world, but many echoes.

WE must tell some men a great deal to teach them a little.

A man's trials cannot be insufferable if he lives to talk about them.

AS liberality makes friends of enemies, so pride makes enemies of friends.

SINCERITY is the soul of virtue. When she flies away, the whole body decays.

IT is more wise to prevent a quarrel beforehand than to revenge it afterwards.

THERE are few things more productive of evil in domestic life than a bad temper.

THE happiest man is the benevolent one, for he owns stock in the happiness of all mankind.

OF all earthly music, that which reaches the furthest into heaven is the beating of a loving heart.

OF all ignorance, that which is silent is the least productive, for praters may suggest an idea, if they cannot start one.

AMONG men of the world comfort only signifies a great consideration for themselves, and a perfect indifference about others.

ONE hour lost in the morning will put back all the business of the day; an hour gained by rising early, will make one month in the year.

A celebrated philosopher used to say, "The favors of fortune are like steep rocks, only eagles and creeping things mount to the summit."

THE demon of dulness which is often allowed to reign at home has more to do with driving young men into vicious company than the attractions of vice itself.

IT is not the grandeur or diminutiveness of the objects, but the greatness or littleness of the views entertained of them, which affect and form the character.

THERE is much more to be said in favor of most men and creatures than we generally think. The trouble is that we care too little about finding out the good things.

THE character of a wise man consists in three things—to do himself what he tells others to do, to act on no occasion contrary to justice, and to bear with the weaknesses of those about him.

HASTE turns usually upon a matter of ten minutes too late, and may be avoided by a habit like that of Lord Nelson, to which he ascribes his success in life, of being ten minutes too early.

MANY persons, when they find themselves in danger of shipwreck in the voyage of life, throw their darling vices overboard, as mariners do their treasures, only to fish them up again after the storm is over.

IF you love others, they will love you. If you speak kindly to them, they will speak kindly to you. Love is repaid with love, and hatred with hatred. Would you hear a sweet and pleasing echo, speak sweetly and pleasantly yourself.

IT is the mark of a noble nature to be quick to recognise that which is praiseworthy in others, and ready on the moment to award to it its fitting meed. Such a nature looks for that which is good in men; sees it, encourages it, and gives it the strength of its endorsement.

A smile costs the giver nothing; yet it is beyond price to the erring and repenting, the sad and cheerless, the lost and forsaken. It disarms malice, subdues temper, turns enmity to love, revenge to kindness, and paves the darkness paths with gems of sunlight.

STORY OF A DAISY.

Far, far away, hundreds of miles from here, in a field of growing wheat, a little daisy one day pushed its way up to air and light. It was a very, very tiny affair indeed; and the wheat-stalks that stood tall and green above it, and bowed gracefully to the passing breezes, were altogether too high-minded to notice the struggling young creature at their feet. But the winds paused on their way to give a tender kiss; and the little thing took heart, and reached out its arms to the sunshine.

Days and weeks passed; and by the time the green wheat had turned to gold, the daisy had shot up into quite a vigorous plant. At last, when its loveliness began to blossom into starry flowers, the tall wheat stalks did notice it, in a patronizing way.

"Pray, young friend," said the most venerable among them, "who are you?"

"I am a daisy," answered the little plant, modestly.

"A daisy! and what sort of a creature may that be? What are you good for, anyhow?"

"I am sure I don't know," timidly answered the plant, "unless it is to bear these flowers. The wind often tells me they are very beautiful."

"Nothing but flowers!" And here the wheat rustled rather scornfully.

"My child," resumed the venerable questioner, "flowers are utterly useless things. It is your duty to be useful, not simply beautiful. You should bear grain, as we do, for the benefit of mankind."

"Dear me, I don't know how," cried the little plant, in despair.

Here, a tall stalk of rye, who had traveled from afar, and who was, therefore, much respected by the wheat, was appealed to, and asked if he knew anything of daisies in his country.

"Daisies,—daisies?" he repeated lazily, bending his long neck to look at the plant. "Ah, yes! I remember. We have them in our country. Trashy things, though,—couldn't bear the least grain if they tried."

That settled it. The daisy was left to herself, and they soon forgot the insignificant creature. Still she kept on growing taller and broader, day by day, and adorning herself with blossoms.

At last the time came when all the golden heads above her fell before the sickle, and the daisy was left alone in the field. But she never minded that, it was so pleasant just to live. Every hour of her life, while the warm sunshine brooded lovingly above her, or the rain touched her with soft showers, her happiness seemed to grow. And one day, when the daintiest flower of all had blossomed out, she whispered to herself, "How glad I am to be beautiful!"

Ah! what was that cruel iron thing which came rushing over the ground, tearing up earth and grass and weeds? A plough, surely. And, in a moment, the daisy lay bruised and dying, her roots turned up to the sun, and her blossoms, the glory of her life, ruthlessly torn from the stem.

But a warm hand picked up the little flower, and a kindly Scotch voice murmured, "Puir thing, cut off in thy prime! How could I be so cruel?—I will e'en gang and write a tribute to thy memory."

And the daisy, despised by the wheat for being merely beautiful, became the inspiration of a lovely poem by Robert Burns, the Scottish poet. That is how it happened those lines were written, beginning:

"Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flow'r,
Thou's met me in an evil hour."

WHAT THE MICROSCOPE REVEALS.—Mold is a forest of beautiful trees, with the branches, leaves and fruit. Butterflies are fully feathered. Hairs are hollow tubes. The surface of our bodies is covered with scales like a fish; a single grain of sand would cover one hundred and fifty of these scales, and yet a scale covers five hundred pores. Through these narrow openings the perspiration forces itself like water through a sieve. Each drop of stagnant water contains a world of living creatures, swimming with as much liberty as whales in the sea. Each leaf has a colony of insects grazing on it, like a cow in a meadow.

—It is sometimes annoying to have too rigid a sense of right and wrong. Marriages have been never consummated because as he was eloquently asking her for a lock of her hair to wear as a talisman next his heart, he suddenly halted, terrified by the thought that perhaps she hadn't yet paid for it.

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The acquisition of vital energy is the stepping stone to health. When the system lacks vitality, the various organs flag in their duty, become chronically irregular, and disease is eventually instituted. To prevent this unhappy state of things, the debilitated system should be built up by the use of that inimitable tonic, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which invigorates the digestive organs, and insures the thorough conversion of food into blood of a nourishing quality, from whence every muscle, nerve and fiber acquire unwonted supplies of vigor, and the whole system experiences the beneficial effect. Appetite returns, the system is refreshed by healthful slumber, the nerves grow strong and calm, the despondency begotten of chronic indigestion and an uncertain state of health disappears, and that sallow appearance of the skin peculiar to habitual invalids and persons deficient in vital energy, is replaced by a more becoming tinge.

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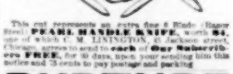
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